The BOOKMAN FEBRUARY, 1917. 7d. Net.

BOOKMAN

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E. V. LUCAS.

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NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

BEING LETTERS WRITTEN MARCH 7—AUGUST 15, 1915

By William Boyd

(Professor of Pathology, University of Manitoba).

The first book adequately to bring out the real beauty of war. Quite unlike any other war book.

A still dark night on the Ypres road. From the next field, star-shells shooting up like great white rockets; afar off, faint and thin, the rattle of a machine gun; and at long intervals, through the silence of the night, the deep-toned b-o-o-m of a great gun, like the solemn knell of a passing bell.

Much is here of the beauty—and the terror—of a world at war; much of that strange fascination born of the contrast between a bullet-swept road at midnight and the shelter of camp, next morning.

Mr. Boyd is Professor of Pathology at the University of Manitoba, and this book, which has very considerable literary charm, consists of letters written during the time when he worked with a field ambulance in the Ypres salient, from March 7th to August 15th, 1915. This story of an observer, sensitive to beauty, sensitive to heroism, widely-read in the best literature of the world, and with the training of a scientist, adds one of the most accurate and best written narratives to Canadian books of the war.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

RESULTS IN MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

The number of manuscripts sent in for this Competition was unusually large, and the average of merit was quite unusually high. The adjudicators have awarded the First Prize of £600 for a novel entitled "Miss Haroun Al Raschid," to

Miss Jessie D. Kerruish,
59, Westbourne Gardens,
Hove, Sussex,

and as "Miss Haroun Al Raschid" is a first novel they have awarded also to Miss Kerruish the Special Prize of £150. The Second Prize of £300 has been awarded, for a novel entitled "Myola," to

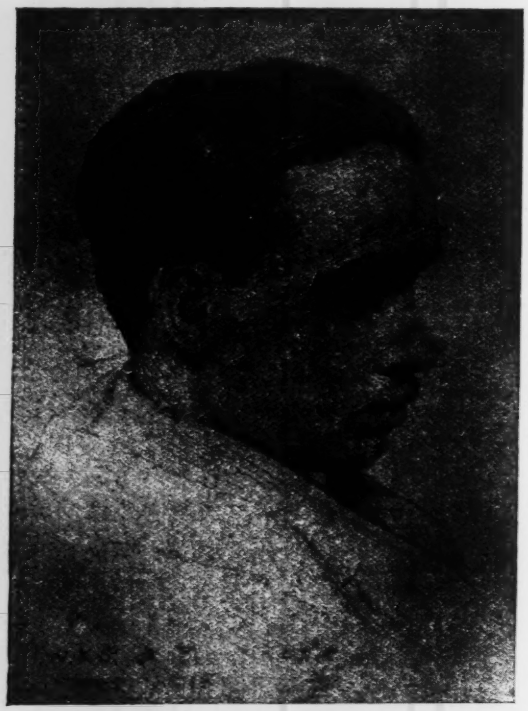
E. H. Musgrave,
Gotton House,
West Monkton, Taunton.

We hope shortly to give some further particulars concerning these Prize Novels and the Competition.

Apart from two or three war booklets, we have had nothing in the way of a book from Mr. Rudyard Kipling for some time past. He has now collected a volume of his new stories, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this spring under the title of "Diversity of Creatures."

Messrs. Macmillan are also publishing new volumes of poems by Sir Rabindranath Tagore and Ralph Hodgson; and a new novel, "This is the End," by Stella Benson, which has for its principal woman character a certain "Jay,' who is a bus conductor and an idealist.

We have received the twelfth volume of *The Dickensian* (Chapman & Hall), and congratulate the editor, Mr. B. W. Matz, on the continued success of this monthly record of the Dickens Fellowship. At first blush, you may be inclined to say: Surely so much has been written of Dickens that there can be nothing more to write, but a glance through these pages dissipates such doubts as that. To say nothing of the many illustrations, and the articles on Dickens himself, on his friends and the people and places of his novels, there are gleanings



Mr. William Kean Seymour,

whose new book, "To Verhaeren, and Other Poems," has just been published by John G. Wilson.
From a pencil drawing by Vernon Hill.

of forgotten or half-forgotten facts that throw new sidelights on the life and character of the Master. No Dickens lover can afford to be without *The Dickensian*.

"Zella Sees Herself," by E. M. Delafield, which Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly, is the first novel of a very promising new author.

Mr. W. H. Davies has finished a new volume which he is calling "A Pilgrimage in Wales." Written with the quaint charm that is the distinctive quality of all his prose, it is a travel book in which the peculiar styles of Bunyan and Pepys are happily blended, and will be published this spring by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The fourth volume of that very useful annotated bibliography of literature connected with the European conflict, "Books of the Great War" (7s. 6d. net), has just been issued by Messrs. Grafton & Co. The other three were edited by Mr. F. W. T. Lange and Mr. W. T. Berry; the fourth is edited by Mr. Lange alone, Mr. Berry being now absent on active service. It contains an annotated list of some two thousand volumes, and it is significant of the growing interest in war literature that it is as large as any two of its predecessors put together. As the only index to the multitude of books that have been written on every phase of the war, students and librarians will find it invaluable.

We regret to record the passing of Mr. William De Morgan, who died last month in his seventy-seventh year. His first novel, "Joseph Vance," was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1906.

We understand that *To-Day* has been suspended as a weekly publication, but Mr. Holbrook Jackson is, this month, re-starting the journal in a new form as a sixpenny monthly. The new *To-Day*, which will be issued from new offices, at 10, Adam Street, Adelphi, will be small enough to slip into the pocket. The contributors to the first Number include William Watson, Ralph Hodgson, Arthur Symons, and W. Shaw Sparrow.

Mr. Werner Laurie has almost ready for publication a translation by Miss Gertrude Foakes of Maxim Gorki's "In the World." This continues the story of his life which he began in "My Childhood," and is probably one of the most vividly realistic, simply honest personal confessions ever written.

Miss Gabriel Vallings,

whose successful first novel, "Bindweed" (Hutchinson) was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN

Sir William Blake Richmond's novel, "The Silver Chain," the publication of which was postponed from last autumn, is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. Like Mr. William De Morgan, Sir William Richmond has been in no haste to begin his career as an author—he has written this, his first novel, in his seventy-fifth year. It pictures life in Egypt, Sicily, Italy and London, and is largely autobiographical.

"Hazell's Annual and Almanack" (Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net), in addition to many new features, contains its usual admirable articles, statistics, tables and general information on all matters of current interest and importance, and will be found, as always, one of the few indispensable reference books that no well-equipped office can do without. The volume is almost doubled in size; it gives a full record of aviation work, a concise history of the war, much that is suggestive pertaining to trade after the war, and six excellent maps.

Mr. Clive Holland's new novel, "The Hidden Submarine"—a tale of the present war—will be published immediately by Mr. Robert Scott. Cheap reprints of Mr. Clive Holland's three novels, "My Japanese Wife," "Marcelle of the Latin Quarter,"

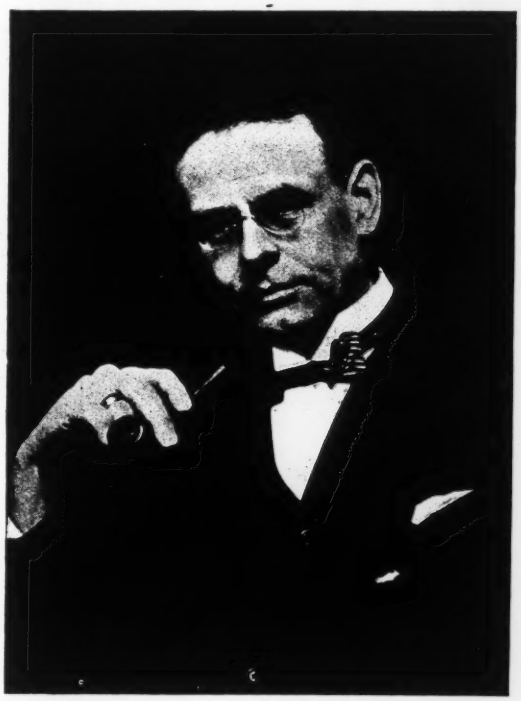


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. J. A. Hammerton,**

whose new book, "The Argentine Through English Eyes" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

Photo by Lizzie Caswell Smith. **Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod,**

whose remarkable first book, "Songs to Save a Soul," was published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1915 and has been several times reprinted.

and "The Spell of Isis," will be issued shortly by the same publisher, who has also in preparation a cheap edition of "My Devon Year," by Eden Phillpotts.

Under the title of "Scraps of Paper" (1s.), Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published reproductions of a series of the inhuman proclamations and orders that the Germans have posted on the walls and doors of the cities, towns and villages they have invaded in France and Flanders. They are reproduced in the colours and language of the originals, with translations on opposite pages. Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., who has the originals of these documents in his possession, has written a significant foreword to the collection.

The first two parts of "The Western Front," a series of vividly realistic drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, have now made their appearance, and it is easy to foresee that when the series is complete it will form a unique pictorial representation not only of the work of our fighting men in France and Flanders and the stricken scenes amid which they are doing it, but also, as Sir Douglas Haig suggests in his Introduction, of "all the strain of character and emotion that go to make up the

Mr. Theodore Maynard.

temper of Britain at war." The series, which is issued in monthly parts at two shillings net, is published for the Government by *Country Life* and George Newnes Limited.

"The Voice in the Light," a new volume of stories by Mr. Bart Kennedy, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing next week a new novel by Miss Rhoda Broughton, entitled "A Thorn in the Flesh."

If the actor's crown of glory is a Command Performance, the author's is an invitation to undertake a lecturing tour in the United States. Two of the contributors to Mr. Erskine Macdonald's Twentieth Century Poetry Series have received such an invitation for next autumn. One of these, Mr. Cecil Roberts, has published several volumes besides "The Youth of Beauty," his contribution to that series, but "Laughs and Whifts of Song" is Mr. Theodore Maynard's first book. It appeared last year, with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and its remarkably favourable reception by the American critics and public has secured for him the unique distinction of being asked to undertake a twenty-six weeks lecturing engagement on the strength of that one small volume.

The House of Cassell has been celebrating the centenary of its founder, John Cassell, who was born at Manchester on the 23rd January, 1817. He came to London and set up in business in the Strand in 1848. The story of his work as a pioneer of cheap literature, and of how that work has been carried on and developed by the great firm that bears his name, is a romance of publishing that needs a full volume to do it justice.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

***Answers to these competitions** (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best inscription for a War Shrine, in two or four lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Herts, for the verses, "A Valentine," printed on page 155.

We also select for printing :

TO YOU.

I try to think when you're away
That we in spirit still commune,
That they combine, your soul and mine,
Like harp and violin in tune.

I like to think that when in dreams
We meet, 'tis really you I see ;
That without speech our hearts can reach
And touch across life's boundary.

I try to think that this is well,
That true love does not much depend
On evidence of sight and sense,
But lives by trust 'twixt friend and friend.

But when I hold your firm, soft hand
And see your dear eyes smile at me,
And feel the bliss of your warm kiss—
Farewell my poor philosophy.

(M. Frances Kendall, 22, Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park, N.)

AN IDOL.

Does she know of all the treasure lying heaped about her feet ?
Does she smell the costly incense, rising heavy, rising sweet ?
Does she long to touch the jewels, precious ransoms of the past ?
Does a wonder ever move her lest the worship may not last ?

Very straight and very silent sits she in her seat above,
Perhaps she thinks of heavenly things, perhaps she longs for love.
Come, pile the offerings higher yet, and bend her throne before—
She is sacred, she is noble, we must worship evermore.

And behind those quiet eyelids and beneath that royal calm,
Who shall say but droops a spirit weary of the endless psalm ?
Should I stand erect and seize her, would she answer, would she rise ?
Would the red blood storm her cheek and the star-flash lift her eyes ?

Nay, the shadowy hope is smitten ; she is goddess, nothing more ;
And the curtains fall behind her and the lamps are lit before ;
And the golden glitter smoulders, and the music softly plays,
And no woman's heart beats in her, and we go our myriad ways.

* * * * *

Sits she still within the temple, glowing centre of the shrine ?
Silent still, and still unearthly, heaped with jewels, radiant, fine ?
O the sleepless vigil keeping, sacrifice, no idol she ;
Would that I had stormed and swept her, in my arms to ecstasy !

Just one breathless word had done it, she and I had reached the gate,
All her tyrannous worshippers had turned to seize us just too late ;
O the glory, O the magic, had I dared to risk the strife,
And what now is but a memory were the crown of all my life !

(B. C. Hardy, 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.)

We specially commend the lyrics by R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), G. N. Goodman (Watford), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), E. R. L. (Durham), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Violet D. Chapman (Earl's Court), Sarah Libbert (Manchester), Beryl Carter (London, W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Norman J. Bickle (Plympton St. Mary), Mona Douglas (Laxey), Beatrice Bunting (Hartlepool), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes) Harry Wardale (Altrincham), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), J. Desmond Gleeson (Leyton), Hugh Quigley (Lanark), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Christine Chaundler (Biggleswade), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), J. P. du Parcq (Marylebone), Brendan Glynn (Dublin), Helen Laurence (Bath), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Mary M. Wilshere (Victoria Park), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Cecily Fryer (Woodbridge), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), R. W. King (Catford), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), A. N. Davidson (N. Berwick), Margery Symons (East Sheen), J. L. W. (Brixton), Mary Arden (Highgate), Guenn F. Newnham (Dover), M. B. K. Hemphrey (E. Africa), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), F. B. (Catford), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), A. M. B. (Newport), Eric Anthony (Wandsworth), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), Kathleen W. Coales (Market Harborough), Enid D. Woolright (Chelsea), Frank Helier (Jersey), S. R. Noyes (Parys, S. Africa), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), T. J. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), W. K. (Derby), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), J. G. Johnston (Edinburgh), Margaret Tupman (Worthing), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Kathleen Mounsey (S. Croydon), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), D. P. Thomas (London, N.W.), Evelyn S. Lalonde (Bath), A. E. Hammond (Birmingham), K. J. Brock (Lowestoft), Dorothy L. Warne (Ramsgate), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Winifred Barrows (Minchinhampton), A. Peel (Royal Berks Regt.), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Margaret Clarke Russell (Woodstock, Ont.), Warren Derry (Bath), Sadie C. Clay

Mr. Henry Baerlein

in the uniform of the Chasseurs Alpins. His new book, "Rimes of the Diables Bleus," will be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. From a photograph taken in France.

Photo by Burow, Chiswick. **Mr. A. Gowans Whyte,**
whose new novel, "The Correct Thing," Messrs. Grafton & Co. are publishing.

(Tingley), Arthur Jenkins (Tewkesbury), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), F. R. Higgins (Dublin), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), John Stradean (Nottingham), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Kathleen A. Braimbridge (Kidderminster).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to C. Burton, of 4, Palace Grove, Upper Norwood, S.E., for the following:

AFRAID. By SIDNEY DARK. (John Lane.)
"It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We also select for printing:

I SOMETIMES THINK. By STEPHEN PAGET. (Macmillan.)
"My hair is gray, but not with years."
BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon.*

(Charles Powell, 36, Hartington Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

TWO'S TWO. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Blackwood.)
"He was extremely fond of sums."
H. BELLOC, *Cautionary Tales for Children.*

(Violet A. Sulivan, Melton, Woodbridge.)

THE PRACTICAL VISION. (REVIEW BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.)
"I see a voice."
SHAKESPEARE, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

(Doris Catherine Fowler, Park View Lodge, Park View Road, Tottenham, London, N.)

RIMES OF THE DIABLES BLEUS.
By HENRY BAERLEIN. (Selwyn & Blount.)
"Don't take too much of double X!"
Ingoldsby Legends—Misadventures at Margate.

(E. F. Thomas, Python Hill, Rainworth, Notts.)

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.
By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone." *Tempest, V. i.*

(Miss Richey, 14, Camden Street, Belfast.)

AN EVENING IN MY LIBRARY AMONG THE ENGLISH POETS.
By STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (John Lane.)
"While I nodded, nearly napping."
POE, *The Raven.*

(H. T. Harding, Gloucester Street, Malmesbury.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best message to civilians from any man or woman on active service at home or abroad is awarded to Vincent Hamson, of 107, Denmark Street, Bedford, for the following:

Carry on! Tire not in labour and well-doing because the end seems far off. All that you have done for us has inspired us with courage and made our sacrifices a glad offering. Victory is now in sight. For a little while then labour on, give us your love, have faith in us—carry on!

From the many other replies received we select for special commendation those by A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), S. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Miss H. M. Barrow (Dunstable).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Edward Lewis, of Knowle, Braunton, North Devon, for the following:

THE WRACK OF THE STORM.
By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. (Methuen.)

The storm is in Maeterlinck's own heart. The sorrow of Belgium has fallen like a boulder into the placid current of his optimistic philosophy. This book reveals his changing moods—serene, tormented, bitter, tender, judicial, furious. His voice is burdened with the woes of his country; he depicts her heroism; he appeals for justice. He is not afraid to be inconsistent. He, who never cursed anyone, curses Germany. Inner Beauty?—Germany is altogether unlovely. Mystical Morality?—Germany has no shred of excuse. He breaks all his rules to impeach the horrible exception. He voices the "Wrath of the Lamb."

We also select for printing:

CAPEL SION. By CARADOC EVANS. (Melrose.)

The author of "Capel Sion" assumes a grave responsibility. He has taken upon him the mantle of an Emile Zola. He indicts a whole people. He depicts beings more base than Yahoos. His men are, almost without exception, lustful, avaricious, and cruel; his women, compliant, servile, and cunning. He spares the sensibility of his reader as little as he spares the self-love of "his people." In the spirit of Trench he labels ugly things with ugly names. He makes no compromise with evil. Only an essential truth can justify this pillorying of the Welsh peasantry. Can the author claim this justification?

(G. L. Hosking, 72, Harborough Road, Streatham, S.W.)

THE LURE OF THE DESERT.
By KATHLYN RHODES. (Hutchinson.)

"Whoso drinks of the Nile shall evermore thirst for its waters," runs the old saying, and in Miss Rhodes's enthralling story we see how, obedient to the call of his blood, Clive Amory and his young wife Carol, visit that land of ancient mystery. How Clive falls under the spell of the country, how Carol's premonitions of disaster are fulfilled, and how they finally escape through the chivalrous devotion of Ali, grandson of the suave Mirza Bey, whose polished manners conceal Oriental subtlety and relentlessness, all lovers of a good novel are heartily recommended to find out for themselves.

(Ruth Underwood, Goodrest, Somerset Road, Ealing.)

XUM

HIS ONE TALENT. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Ward, Lock.)

Dick Brandon is an Englishman of that type which Mr. Bindloss has made familiar to us. Good-tempered, easy-going, and somewhat simple, he gets into financial trouble, being the injured party, of course, and is cashiered from the Army. The blow seems to have a beneficial effect upon his character, for he goes abroad and succeeds in distinguishing himself in being of signal service to his country. In the end his former trouble is cleared up in a most satisfactory manner. This book will make ideal reading for those who revel in exciting literature.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

From the large number of other reviews received we select for special commendation the twenty-four by Irene Lalonde (Bath), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Mrs. C. Murray (Christchurch, N.Z.), Miss Parker (Worcester), Frances M. N. Tall (Eastbourne), C. M. Maclean (Brockley), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. Beechey (Pentre), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Frank Kelly (Dublin), W. A. Bates (Bridport), R. H. Wray (Whitby), Nancy Littlejohn (Hammersmith), John F. Leeming (Hale), Alice Shannon (Bolton), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Anna G. M. Fraser (W. Kensington), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

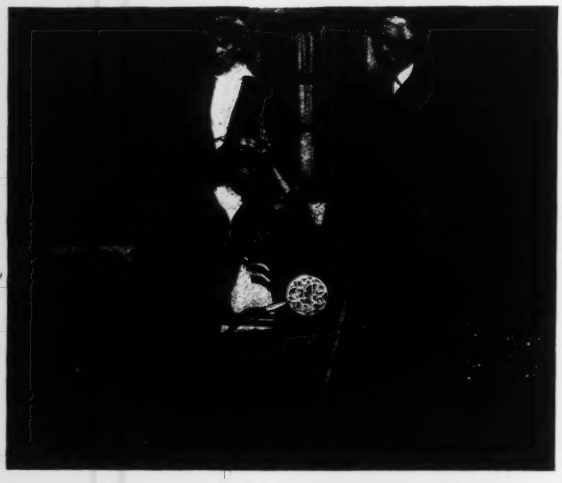
DR. HUGH WALKER, LL.D.

THERE are certain people who have such a happy gift of creating a beneficial mental atmosphere that although they may live but a few miles from our own doors, an hour or two spent in their company can be as refreshing to our souls as a few days by the seashore may be to our bodies. To this stimulating class of persons both Dr. Hugh Walker, LL.D., and his versatile wife undoubtedly belong. Most unmistakably Scotch, born in Ayrshire, and educated in Glasgow, Dr. Walker has for many years made his home at St. David's College, Lampeter, in the county of Cardigan, which is indeed a far cry from the Burns Country. Yet, although five minutes before arriving at his house one may have heard Cymraeg spoken in the streets of the little Welsh collegiate town, for those who care for Scotland and all things Scottish the crossing of his threshold is almost like passing over the Tweed. Mrs. Walker—*née* Roxburgh—will tell us that she was born in Wales, although of Scotch parentage; but if the country of her birth may be accountable for some of the warmth and charm of her manner, it is not difficult to be convinced that she also rightly belongs to Caledonia. Dr. Hugh Walker was educated at the High School of Glasgow, and studied at Glasgow University before proceeding to Balliol College, Oxford. He also studied at the University of Bonn, and when recalling those student days in Germany he is able to give his impressions of at least one illustrious fellow-student, namely that enemy of the civilised world, the Emperor William. Dr. Walker accepted his LL.D. from the University of Glasgow when the famous old seat of learning held its 450th anniversary. He has occupied the post of Professor of Literature and Philosophy at St. David's College, Lampeter, for over thirty years, coming to that institution at the instigation of the Bishop of Chester who was Principal of the College in the 'eighties.

But although Dr. Walker has been for so many terms at this little Cymric town, while three of his Principals have become bishops, and many of his colleagues have moved on to more stirring centres, we naturally do not think of him simply as the Professor of a Welsh College, for the scholastic life has the advantage of long vacations, and consequently Dr. Walker has had time and opportunities for writing, travelling and lecturing, not only in the United Kingdom, but in many American cities. In Lampeter he is, of course, principally regarded as one of those mighty pillars of learning, a Professor of St. David's College, but far away from West Wales, in many places where literary people gather together, Dr. Hugh Walker though known to be a gifted lecturer is chiefly considered as an author. Lovers of the poet of Farringford would be sufficiently grateful for "The Age of Tennyson" even if Dr. Walker had not given us his masterly volume, "The Literature of the Victorian Era," and if his "English Essays and Essayists" had never issued from the press. He is also known as the editor of more than

Dr. Hugh Walker in his study.

one fascinating little volume published by Humphrey Milford, such as that delightful selection from the writings of Alexander Smith, which appears under the title of "Dreamthorpe and Selections from Last Leaves." But whether they think of him chiefly as their learned professor or as an author, there must be numbers of Welshmen, once students of St. David's College, who have grateful recollections not only of his patience and justice as a teacher, but also of his sympathy and kindly humour as a friend. Many happy memories must linger in their minds of those delightful Sunday afternoons when the keen lecturer was forgotten in the genial host, and when even the shyest youth would warm into talk and laughter under the influence of the sunny sympathy of Mrs. Walker and her frank young daughters. No doubt they also remember the typical Scotch tea-table piled with cakes and good things, for although young Welshmen may be proud of their own bara ceirch, few will be found who despise the short-bread of the North. Perhaps some of these erstwhile pupils will also remember with a smile, how in those green student days when they had never wandered far beyond their own mountains they had marvelled to see Professor Walker drinking tea out of a silver-mounted tumbler with slices of lemon instead of the usual sugar and milk.



Dr. Hugh Walker, Mrs. Walker, and their youngest daughter

In summer-time Mrs. Walker holds these tea-parties on the lawn in front of her home—the old Vice-Principal's Lodge built when the College was founded in 1822—certainly a delectable spot when the rhododendrons are in bloom and the fly-catcher, that has her nest in the creeper-covered house-porch, swoops boldly round the table, and the jackdaws ever busy in the College quad add their friendly clamour to the conversation. Both Dr. and Mrs. Walker tell their guests that they are no gardeners; nevertheless their garden is an exceedingly pleasurable resting-place, and holds amongst other ornaments a very beautiful weeping-willow, which sweeps the bank of what was once the moat of Lampeter Castle.

It is not only students and lecturers who congregate in Mrs. Walker's drawing-room or pace the laurel-bordered garden paths, for in putting together these few impressions of Dr. and Mrs. Walker at home the writer has visions of many well-known Englishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen who from time to time have been seen at that pleasant house. Bishops who are now busy at Chester, Westminster and elsewhere know the old Vice-Principal's Lodge very well, and the tall, spare figure of one of Edinburgh's famous publishers—now alas, gone to rest—is associated with more than one happy gathering of literary people. If walls and laurel-bushes had voices they might perhaps repeat some of the quips and epigrams which they must often have heard fall from the lips of a noted anti-vivisectionist and minor poet of the legal world, or some opinions worth remembering which may have been uttered by a philosopher of Glasgow University, and a certain scholarly writer—and veritable master of style—who although of Welsh nationality is linked to Scotland, as a recognised authority on all that pertains to Stewart history.

The casual visitor naturally feels that it is something of a privilege to be invited into Dr. Walker's study, a book-lined, work-inspiring room, where the collected wisdom of philosophers and poets is always near at hand, and yet where an occasional volume of light literature leads the learned occupant to explain that he enjoys novel-reading in the evenings, principally as a sleeping draught. Here also golf clubs and fishing-rods suggest that he is an enthusiast on the links, and that he perhaps agrees with Izaak Walton in thinking that:

> "Of recreation there is none
> So free as fishing is alone;
> All other pastimes do no less
> Than mind and body both possess;
> My hand alone my work can do,
> So I can fish and study too."

Dr. Walker—as an Ayrshire man should be—is a great admirer of Robert Burns, but most noticeable in a prominent position amidst his bookshelves stands a bust of Sir Walter Scott; and it is interesting to reflect that the "Wizard of the North" may have rambled beside the same castle moat which Dr. Walker can see from his study window. In the early part of the nineteenth century the great romance-writer placed his son Charles at Lampeter Grammar School under the care of his friend, the Rev. John Williams, then head master, who afterwards became Archdeacon of Cardigan. It therefore seems very probable that the novelist may have visited Lampeter while his son was there, and certainly the river Teifi was not unknown to him, for he has written of its "wild, dashing waves" having no doubt a vision in his mind of the rapids near Henllan. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott, like Dr. Walker, may have landed some fine salmon from Teifi's stream.

Although Mrs. Walker is naturally associated with many a pleasant book talk in her husband's study—and who could be more clever than she in picking out the right volume for some book borrowing friend?—yet a privileged few can think of her also in her own artistic little sanctum where she wields a busy pen, and where she has no doubt passed industrious, happy hours, making notes for lectures to be delivered in distant Birmingham on many subjects interesting to her own sex; or working at her "Outlines of Victorian Literature" her "Book of Victorian Poetry and Prose," or that attractive little volume "Made in Birmingham," of which she is the editor.

E. L.

THE READER.

E. V. LUCAS.

By George Sampson.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS was born in the year 1868. There is no need for reticence, as the fact is recorded by his own hand in an essay whose theme is that an almanac callously writes him down as "d. 1868," instead of "b. 1868." Just "d" for "b"; but oh! the difference to him—and us! Our agreeable rattle would then have been a graver mid-Victorian essayist, and we bereft of all his pleasant causeries. His own view of the matter is typical. If you or I were important enough to have our vital entrances and exits recorded in the calendars, what should we do if some ruthless compiler, out-Pharaohing Pharaoh, slew us at the very moment of our birth? Write furious letters, no doubt, or do something equally unbecoming and useless. Not so Mr. Lucas. Offer him an untimely sepulchre, and he retorts by pointing out how much he would have enjoyed before he entered it. *Memento mori* is the theme of so many moralists, that we can afford to countenance one refreshing fellow whose theme is *memento vivere*.

Mr. C. L. Graves. Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. George Morrow.

Such, then, his cheerful temper; and, fortunately for us, he never loses it. Through the whole of a large output he remains invincibly and contagiously genial, never shirking facts, never fatiguing us with untimely optimism, but giving us laughter without offence, sense without sententiousness, cheerfulness without insipidity, and, occasionally, the tear that is its own relief and comfort.

I called his output large. It is colossal. Nine times the space that measures industry in writing-men, namely, a page of the British Museum catalogue, he fills with his miscellanea. Nine pages!—with spaces (significant of popularity) for new editions and additions; and he is young enough, as literary years go, to fill other nine. The mere mass is remarkable; but what is really astonishing is its uniform excellence. Think, too, of its "infinite variety"—Verses, Essays, Novels (or "Entertainments," as he calls them), Topography, Biography, Editions of Lamb, Books for Children, Anthologies, Cricket, Satires, and Introductions innumerable! Nor does this take into account the contributions to *Punch* and other papers, not yet included in any volumes. Here, surely, is an illustration of Hazlitt's remark: "I do not wonder at any quantity that an author is said to have written; for the more a man writes, the more he can write." He might have added, "the better he can write." Lucas and Hazlitt can both be called as evidence.

He began with cricket—and verse; for the earliest surviving publication under his name is a little booklet called "Songs of the Bat," a mere handful of verses, most of which were included in a later volume "Willow and Leather." Not an inappropriate beginning. Cricket, that noble game, which appeals to purer passions than those inflaming the mobs who howl with glee or indignation (according to the side) over the fouls at football; cricket, which does not put its players up to auction and wax fat over transfer fees; cricket—for these desperate parentheses must come to an end—is one of the subjects that Mr. Lucas can never keep out of his pages. With cricket he began, and with cricket he will end—c. and b. by Excitement, let us say, at a Gentlemen and Players match in 1968 or thereabouts, when, having made a pleasant century in his usual graceful style, he will retire to a ghostly pavilion on paradisal turf, where, in the presence of Alfred Mynn and Fuller Pilch, he will at last pay Hornby that penny. Cricket seems just the game that goes with the Lucasian manner—cricket, with its pleasant courtesies, its invitation to the connoisseur, its leisurely allurements, its sense of wholesome cleanness, and its summery accompaniments of cherished turf and afternoon sunshine. Cricket is Lucas's game—and Barrie's; you might get some amusement by reckoning up the writers of the day whose game is certainly not cricket, and, as the examination papers say, if not, why not. Under this head of cricket, two other facts should be recorded; first, that E. V. Lucas (like Homer and his rivals) is not related to other cricketing persons of the same name; and next that a very delightful little volume of his later years is devoted wholly to the beloved game. Its title, with leisured and antique spaciousness, runs thus: "The Hambledon Men: being a new edition of John Nyren's 'Young Cricketer's Tutor,' together with a collection of other matter drawn from various sources, all bearing upon the great batsmen and bowlers before round-arm came in."

But cricket is not life. Tom Brown ends his novitiate with his last match and proceeds a man. So our author, his "Songs of the Bat" chanted, turns to business with his first real volume, a record of "Bernard Barton and His Friends." Observe the omens: the future biographer and editor of Lamb compiles a treatise upon Lamb's cherished correspondent; the future connoisseur of choice and delectable letters begins with the father-in-law of Edward FitzGerald; the future exponent of sane and humorous quietism in life breaks

himself in on the life of a Quaker poet—altogether a becoming debut for an author descended from Sussex "Friends." Incidentally the task made him acquainted with Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, Bernard Barton's daughter, for whom Lamb wrote his familiar "Album Verses," beginning "Little book surnamed of White." Thus may one reach across the ages.

That was in 1893. Thereafter follow what seem to be several blank years. Really, they were crowded with adventure. For explanation let us turn to a later volume, "Landmarks," which, though not to be called an autobiography, contains much that is truly autobiographical. Rudd Sergison, destined for medicine, but in love with literature, tremblingly sends his first satirical verses to the *Post Meridian*, and receives real money for them—a Landmark indeed. After that auspicious beginning he contributes paragraphs, and then articles, with the same agreeable result. Suddenly, one day, he is sent for and asked if he can fill a temporary vacancy on the staff. He goes for a fortnight and stays seven years. In this disguise Mr. Lucas presents his own experience. His first satirical verses (on Home Rule) were sent to the *Globe* from Brighton in 1888; and these were followed, when he became a student at University College, London, by paragraphs for "By the Way," and the inevitable "turnovers," an admirable feature that the changed *Globe* of to-day seems to have abandoned. He joined the staff, a mere tyro, in a sudden emergency, and by the time he left had found his feet in the world of letters. During his *Globe* period he invented an ingenious method of producing turnovers. A turnover ran to twelve hundred words. Lucas found that it was easy to write six hundred words upon any subject, the trouble beginning with the second six hundred. Another turnoverist being discovered to agree with him—no less a man than John o' London—the two co-operated. They would write their six hundreds upon their chosen subjects, change over, and proceed afresh with what to the readers were conclusions, but to the writers new beginnings. It sounds delightful—as a theory.

The *Globe* did not consume all his energies. In 1897 he launched out into a new and important line of his activity, the provision of literature for the small fry. His "Book of Verses for Children," published in that year, first brought his name before the general public, and led to many succeeding little volumes *virginibus puerisque*, and to some larger ones, like "Anne's Terrible Good Nature" and "The Slowcoach," which, as books for children, have this disadvantage, that they are so usually in the hands of fascinated grown-ups that the rightful perusers go tearful and empty away. Mr. Lucas's own poems for children are delightful. What small boy doesn't love "The Railway Men" and "The Conjuror" with its delicious last line! His touch in composition is as certain as his taste in selection. As much as anyone he has helped to remove the blight of "moralising" from literature for children. To youngsters and grown-ups alike he is the apostle of healthy enjoyment.

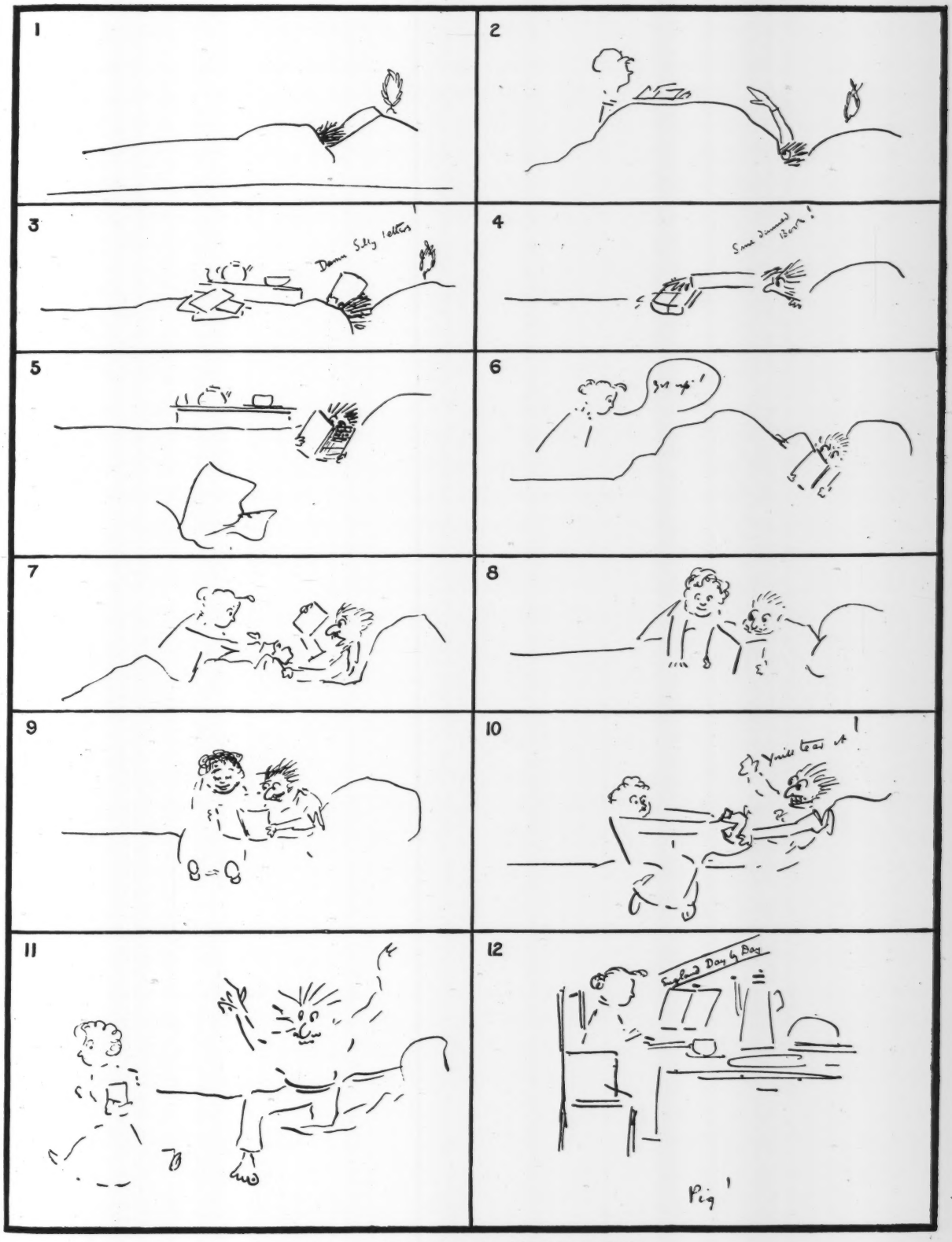
Five years after the Bernard Barton book came "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," which brought us again into the world of literary Quakerdom, and gave us such treasure of price as a score of new letters by Lamb and three by Coleridge, together with many fresh lights on the palpitating revolutionary days when, according to the *Anti-Jacobin* (imaginative in this if in no other sense):

> "Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb & Co.,
> All tuned their mystic harps to praise Lepaux."

The labour of compiling these two volumes naturally gave Mr. Lucas a very intimate acquaintance with the life and correspondence of Lamb; and so the task of preparing a complete edition for Methuens fittingly devolved upon him. The first volumes appeared in 1903, big, scarlet-bound, white-labelled books, now replaced, in a later re-issue, by a much smaller and more companionable set. There is something to be said for both sizes.

The edition supersedes all others. It is as complete as can be. It is Lamb with all his flavour, not Lamb mitigated (for instance) by the parsonical delicacy of Canon Ainger. It treats Charles and Mary quite properly as a "binity," as a two in one. They are inseparable in such things as the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School"; to separate them in the Letters (the usual practice) and omit Mary's illuminating correspondence is to leave half the tale untold. It gives, in the appropriate places, full descriptive references to letters excluded by restrictions of copyright. It employs pictures in a specially helpful way, not as possible adornments, but as necessary notes on the text. It is annotated throughout with humour and sympathy and with none of the frigid detachment affected by academic and semi-official commentators. Its crown and completion is an excellent biography, full of just the kind of information (much of it quite new) that lovers of Lamb desire, and informed, too, by just the right spirit of enthusiasm and comprehension. This "Life of Lamb" contains one of Mr. Lucas's very finest essays. When I compile a "Best of Lucas" to match his own "Best of Lamb," the first thing I shall include will be Chap. XIV., entitled "George Dyer." So much for the Lamb, upon which I have dwelt with some formality because it is Mr. Lucas's *magnum opus*, the charm of all his other *opera* being that they are so delightfully not *magna*. The public, by the way, have identified Lucas and Lamb in a way highly complimentary to Mr. Lucas the editor, but probably infuriating to Mr. Lucas the author. The worst of doing one thing very thoroughly is that you are not allowed to do anything else. True, the public like Mr. Lucas to write, as well as to edit; but its stupider members, who cannot get on without labels, insist on calling him a disciple of Lamb or even an imitator of Lamb, thereby proving that they can read neither Lucas nor Lamb, and probably cannot read anybody with intelligence. To find a likeness between the conversational simplicity of Lucas and the elaborated Gothic beauty of Lamb needs extraordinary obtuseness. The easy ripple of Lucas and the gyratory complexity of Lamb's digressions, progressions, retrogressions and circumgressions may be cited together for opposition, but for no other purpose. Moreover, there is such a thing as difference of scale, of plane, of intensity. Really, the comparison is too silly to discuss. The lunatics who call Lucas an imitator of Lamb are the kind of people who call Lamb "gentle."

A CRUSTY DAWN.



A Series of Sketches by Mr. H. G. Wells,

showing the enthusiastic reception given in his household to Mr. E. V. Lucas's "England Day by Day" immediately after its arrival.

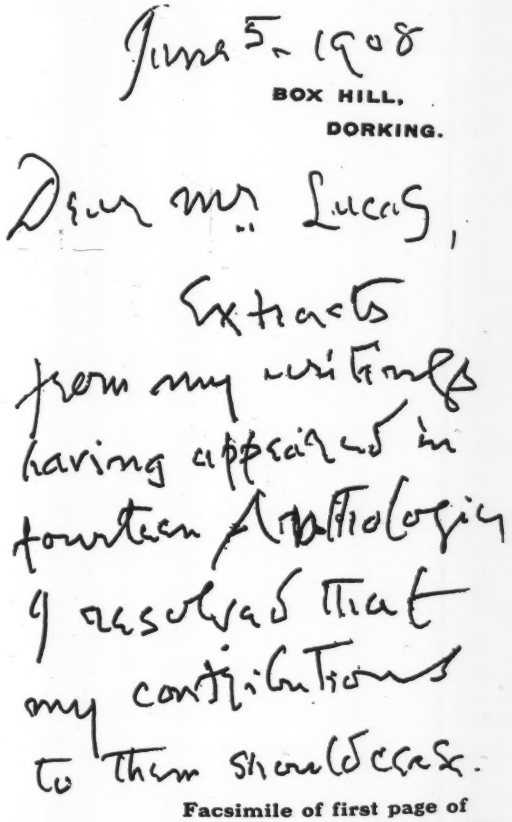
Among Mr. Lucas's admirable achievements must be placed the invention of a humanised guide book. The usual book of this kind is either negatively dehumanised or positively priggish. One has the impression of earnest people painfully admiring what they are told to like and dutifully despising what they are told to dislike. Now the "Wanderer" volumes are remarkable for their absence of hortations and prohibitions, and their sense of wholesome personal enjoyment. They are utterly without pretence. They are not hectic even about the Primitives; they are rational even about the Renaissance. Mr. Lucas seems to be the only person who can write of Giotto without affectation and of Giorgione without preciosity. And the point is that these books are, in consequence, much more educative than all the ecstasies of the rapturous, who, in the end, do little more than transpose pictures into prose-poetry, a transmutation of which the bad pictures are often more capable than the good. In the best sense of the phrase, Mr. Lucas takes you with him; and, wandering in his friendly, healthy company, your range of enjoyment is so broadened that you will see beauty not only in the dome of Brunelleschi but in the steeples of Christopher Wren. The "Wanderers" are all excellent. They are good to travel with and good to sit at home with. Some day Mr. Lucas should travel in the realms of gold and give us a "Wanderer in Shakespeare." But I hope he has not done with the merely bodily wanderings.

The Anthologies form a specially delightful group among his works. Here, too, he is his own man, for there is nothing quite like a Lucas anthology. Their secret is that humorous, cheerful "human-ness" that cannot be kept out of any book he issues. Most anthologies are prepared by serious students whose standard is a lofty ideal of purely literary excellence. Some are prepared by the precious for the prigs. The result in any case is that too many of them are stiff and frigid with propriety. They leave out much that makes literature humane. I turn to one anthology of prose, and find the compiler quite seriously committing himself to the assertion that, "some writers, as Sterne, have no literary style at all, or at best it is bad!" There is more truth in this than the author intended. Very few great writers have "any literary style at all." Literature is never literary; it is the imitations that are so literary. Sterne is certainly not literary as Mr. Arthur Symons is literary. Dickens had "no literary style at all, or at best it was bad," when he wrote Mr. Weller's letter to Sam or the account of the swarry at Bath; he reserved his literariness for the death of Paul Dombey or the scene in which Florence "forgives" her step-mother. Far be it from me to depreciate in the least so many golden treasuries amassed by diligent students and critics; I merely want to suggest that the purest gold may be, as Midas found, too bright and good for human nature's daily food. The defect of abstract literary perfection inflexibly applied as a standard is that, in the humanest of arts, it will pass what is faultily faultless, icily null, and reject what is quaint, or racy, or popular, or moving, upon suspicion of vulgarity. I think, for instance, of the volumes we know as "Ward's English Poets," an admirable compilation for which I have a sentimental fondness, so much did it teach me in those happy days when all the world of books lay like a great adventure before the eyes of youth. Not lightly would I speak ill of so old a friend! Now in Ward the note is almost aggressively literary, as you would expect from a selection sent out with the pontifical blessing of Matthew Arnold. It never unbends. The treatment of Mrs. Browning is significant. Whatever of hers may perish, the "Cry of the Children" will almost certainly endure; but the critic responsible for Mrs. Browning does not include it: it is not purely literary. Even more astonishing is the case of Thomas Hood, who appears in Ward under the patronage of Mr. Austin Dobson. His tombstone tells us that he sang "The Song of the Shirt." For most of the world he did; but he did not sing it for Mr. Dobson, who omits it, as he does "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and every one, yes, every blessed one, of those delightful humorous poems with their inspired and almost tragic puns. That is how fear of vulgarity serves us; that is what happens when we expect all literature to move to the tune of "Water Parted" and the minuet in "Ariadne."

This is a long digression, but I trust it is not irrelevant; for the whole beauty of the Lucasian anthologies of men and women and letters and town and country lies in this, that they emerge from that narrow trench of profound literariness and give us hearty things, and wholesome things, and jolly things, and comical things, as well as what we too strictly call beautiful things. They give us, in fact, things excellent of their kind (and therefore beautiful) even if, perhaps especially if, the kind may harrow the little souls of untonsured highbrows. Think how much poorer we should be without those cookery receipts, or the letter about Ram Chunder's interior economy, or the sailor's intensely reiterated request for pigtail! Such things are real additions to the stock of harmless pleasures. Turn, then, for varied delight to the anthologies of Mr. Lucas. They are precious, indeed, though not such as the Bunthornes would call precious. They are refreshment distilled by a healthy enjoying man for healthy enjoying people.

Rather outside the groups we have considered are such books as the "Highways and Byways in Sussex," the amusing account of Miss Seward, and "The British School," a companionable little guide to the lives and works of our earlier native painters. The matter of the last is delightful, but its prose is not the author's best.

There remain the essays and novels, increased just lately by "Cloud and Silver" and "The Vermilion Box," that is, the pillar-box, an appropriate title for a story told in letters. Indeed, the names of Mr. Lucas's books are forty-and-four sweet symphonies; he has a positive genius for pleasant and intriguing titles. The novels, or entertainments, have the thinnest of plots and depend mainly upon quaint characters and current interests on which they serve as a humorous and really illuminating commentary. Future historians of social life in our generation will be able to learn much from Mr. Lucas. The characters are sometimes real people. Lacey, for instance, in "London Lavender," appears again as Uncle Ben in "Landmarks," and still again, under his own name, as Samuel Drewett in "London Revisited." Those who remember what Uncle Ben was to Rudd Sergison can measure the debt of E. V. Lucas to Samuel



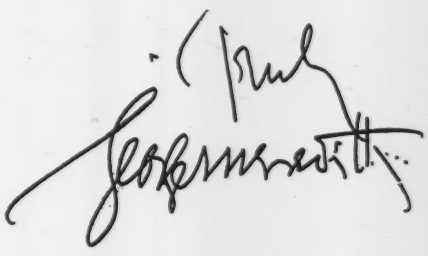
June 5. 1908
BOX HILL,
DORKING.

Dear Mr. Lucas,

Extracts
from my writings
having appeared in
fourteen Anthologies
I resolved that
my contributions
to them should cease.

Facsimile of first page of letter from George Meredith.

But these publishers' ventures apparently command success, and now I have had to refuse nearly as many times. It pains me to think of doing so in your case, as I am bound not to make an exception, though yours is a modest request. If you take, saying nothing about it, I need not know, and if this mutual winking at a larceny should seem good to our abstract intelligence my weak point of honour will easily be overridden. At the same time, let me say that I would not speak to another applicant as I do to you.



Continuation of Mr. Meredith's letter with facsimile of signature.

Drewett. It is a tribute to the author's skill in character drawing that I instantly recognised Mr. Avon of "Landmarks" as a dear old Shakespearean scholar with whom, on occasions all too few, I tramped many pleasant miles of country, listening to his eager and inspiring talk about the poets he knew and loved so well. In those days I was preparing a little volume of Wordsworth, and fancied I knew something about him. That delusion did not survive a mile or two of Mr. Avon. By a strange coincidence, my final experience was almost the same as Rudd's. I neglected for some time to redeem the promise of another tramp, and, calling, found that he was dead. The reader should turn from "Landmarks" to the paper called "A Funeral," in "Character and Comedy." It describes the burial of the old scholar.

The character and comedy of life are Mr. Lucas's theme in nearly all the entertainments, whether stories or essays. Think of Mr. Ingleside's group of friends, of Miss Larpent and her epistolary injunctions, of Mrs. Washington Pink and her esoteric protégés, of Alf Pinto and his crucial name. The author's keen sense of idiosyncrasy in character is just his one point of affinity with Elia. Lucas, like Lamb, has an eye for the Sarah Battles and the George Dyers; I doubt, however, if Lamb would have been interested in Sister Lucie Vinken; but who can say; did he not love Quakers?

Very rarely does Mr. Lucas take us to the brink of tragedy; and he never plunges us into its depths. His pen is happier with life's little embarrassments than with life's greater ironies. In fact. his books have one essential quality of entertainments: they entertain. That is their *differentia*, and their value. It is good to be reminded in terrible times that life is not always terrible. The cloud upon the silver is sometimes all too visible; should we not rejoice, then, in a writer who shows us the silver of the cloud? In the Lucasian land it seems nearly always afternoon; but what a blessing to have this way of escape from the times when it seems nearly always ten o'clock on a foggy night and the way home lost.

To overpraise a writer so entirely unaffected, so pleasantly unmomentous, would be an insult which no one would resent more than he. The moving accident is not his trade. He does not vaticinate; he has never set up for a prophet; and he goes upon his personal and literary way unparagraphed. Indeed, there are few writers of his enviable standing who have more sedulously shunned advertisement. His record is as clean as his art. The name of E. V. Lucas does not instantly occur to the mind when one counts up living writers of national importance. His work seems too slight to carry much weight. However, for my own part, I am inclined to think this slightness part of his real strength. His force lies in the fact that he is never forcible. The pleasant unruffled temper of his work is a national asset by being a national example. We have fallen not merely upon evil days but upon very evil tongues. Our vociferous patriots are poisoning the air with their papers and their placards, their whirlwind scares every day and their exposure of treasons every week—they began in 1914, you remember, by discovering concrete gun-emplacements under all the

tennis courts. Sometimes one is tempted to despair of a country so gullible, so avid of *canards* concocted in the interests of circulation. But Lucas intervenes. He shows us the proportion of things, and reminds us that the silliest way of treating silly people is to take their silliness seriously. I do not know of any antidote to war-depression so healthy as "The Vermilion Box," with its picture of sane, wholesome, loveable people, young and old, going on in their quiet way, living, working, loving, fighting, dying, undeterred by the George Wistons and the Sir Caxton Plumbes with all their scares and shrieks and wails. To read such a book is a national duty as well as a personal delight. It will take you safely through all the poison gas of our native Reventlows.

Read Lucas, then, for pleasure and profit. There is plenty of him, and that plenty remarkably homogeneous. Through all his books, various as they are, runs the same happy strain, delightful, heartening and unforced. Almost the finest compliment we can pay him is to say that he is the last man we should call "clever" or "brilliant." A sentence describing one of his own characters can be applied with special justice to himself:

> "He seemed to see everything, and always to find something that communicated a pleasure which he in his turn must communicate to another. That, perhaps, was Uncle Ben's most remarkable quality, the desire to share whatever he enjoyed."

In this communication of enjoyment he diffuses sanity, humour, grace, manners and all the pleasant wholesomeness of life—national assets never more valuable than now. When in the gloomiest of times you are trying hard to be a philosopher, turn to Lucas, and cheerfulness will come breaking in.

RUPERT BROOKE ON THE ELIZABETHANS.

By Laurence Binyon.

NO one could read this book without feeling that whatever its actual value as an essay in criticism, it was written by a young man of rare gift and personality. It may be found more interesting as the expression of a phase of Rupert Brooke than as a study of Webster.

> "The Renaissance joy in loveliness, the romantic youthfulness of the age, the wave of cheerful patriotism, all passed at the same time. Boyhood passed. Imagination at this time suddenly woke to life. Its flights were to the strangest corners and the pitchiest barathrum of the deep. Intellect was pressed into the service of the emotions, and the emotions were beaten into fantastic figures by the intellect. The nature of man became suddenly complex, and grew bitter at its own complexity."

Brooke is here analysing that period of Elizabethan times which gave birth to "Hamlet" and the greatest plays of Shakespeare and his fellows. But it would not be fanciful, I think, to see in these sentences a reflection of what his own mind was passing through. This book was written in 1911–12 and won its author his Fellowship at King's. It seems to have been written in the same sort of mood as many of Brooke's earlier poems. Together with a natural passion for beauty, an ardent temperament, a keen joy in life, there are fierce, restless cravings for something life has not given; sudden disgusts and disillusions; nothing is enjoyed without sinister after-thoughts. It is a nature "grown bitter at its own complexity." So in this study of the Elizabethans we find many perversities and violences, both of opinion and language, and a general atmosphere of high rebellion. One might have expected Brooke to take Marlowe for his hero and model, for he resembled him in temper; and evidently he had enormous admiration for Marlowe's splendid sensuous verse; but he was in a mood when Marlowe, with his straightforward defiances, was not complex enough, and he chose the sombre poet of "The Duchess of Malfi." He was in a mood to reject anything that could be called "soft" with loathing; what passes for "refined" provoked equal disgust. To wring from life its quintessence, however cruel or horrible it should prove; that alone was worthy the effort of a masculine mind. He was led into strange judgments. Shakespeare's comedies are dismissed as trifles which "occasionally achieve a kind of prettiness"—though a passing word of faint praise is bestowed on "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and the historical plays, by him and others, are "as a whole, utterly worthless." Far preferable, it seems, to the "dreary and childish" histories (including Henry IV. and Falstaff) are domestic tragedies like "Arden of Feversham," with their glorious "crudeness"—just the thing to set smug, refined people squirming! "They kept people in touch with realities, with the brutality of blood and death. The theatre might so easily have gone irrevocably soft during these years." Rupert Brooke will have no "softness," even in his metaphor, and to give an idea of the "bloody and vital violence" of Kyd and Marlowe, caricatures his models by an image as ludicrous as it is "energetic," when he says they vivified the drama "as if a man should dash two dead babies together into one strident and living being."

All this reads rather ironically now. One cannot help thinking of the German prophets who were so afraid of the world "going irrevocably soft" without war, and wholesome contact with "the brutality of blood and death." Experience has taught us different things; and softness seems a less imminent danger. But how much was this youthful phase personal to Rupert Brooke, and how much was due to the subtle influences of his time and generation? Certainly, as we look back to the years before the war, we find everywhere in art and literature among the younger talents a craving for the primitive stuff of life, a zest for the crude and vivid, not wholly to be explained as a reaction from drawing-room ideals; from what in England is vaguely called "Victorianism." It is as if some premonition were abroad, and as if a secret spirit had whispered to youth, "Beware, and be armed! Man is a more dangerous and terrible animal than the prophets of perfectibility or the dupes of peace and prosperity imagined. And art must take account of it, or perish."

Photo by F Muller.

E. V. Lucas.

So we had symptoms of what someone has dubbed a Brutalitarian Revival: "virility" and "vitality" were idolised till they have become the cheapest cant of criticism. Now that we know by actual experience and not by imagination the full meaning of "brutality," will any be found to prescribe it as the remedy for softness, mental or moral?

But to leave these speculations and return to Rupert Brooke. His essay starts with a discussion on art, and dramatic art in particular. One sees him characteristically thinking things out for himself, taking nothing for granted—a healthy frame of mind. He thinks terms like beauty and even terms like Tragedy and Comedy are misleading and stop thought. He would refer everything to states of mind and feeling. But when he tries to classify himself he meets the same difficulties that all critics have to meet, and does not carry us much further. Still, it is a gain to resist the hypnotism of set definitions. Then we have a chapter on the history of the drama, with some pleasing scorn of the theorists who want to explain every phenomenon by its origin—the thing it has grown out of and has lost all resemblance to. There are some shrewd observations here, as well as unreasonable arguments, which it would be interesting to discuss; but I have only space for a word on the influence of religion. Brooke's antipathy to religion colours these pages. He identifies religion with the Church, and seeks to show that it was always really hostile to the drama and all art. But most of the historic misunderstanding of Greek art and Greek drama is due to ignorance of Greek religion and its profound inspiration for all manifestations of the Greek spirit. And Brooke seemed to forget that while poetry and philosophy can be remote and lonely, drama, like religion, must focus something common in mankind, appealing to the heart and imagination as well as to the intellect. He was in a mood to suspect the heart, source of dreaded sentimentality!

So we come to the Elizabethans. And the main thesis of the essay seems to be that there was a period, roughly 1600–1610, which "stood out an infinity above the rest," and that the main current of strength in the drama of these years was that which ran through Marston and Tourneur to Webster. After this, Beaumont and Fletcher begin their "fatal reign"; silly sweetness and prettiness usurp the place of grand and manly horrors. Webster is the last of the great ones—"the last of Earth, looking out over a sea of saccharine." But, after all, was not saccharine the inevitable complement of the excess of blood and brutality? The worst of these gorgeously lurid plays which Brooke admired so much is that it is so difficult to feel enough interest in the characters to suffer or exult with them. They are mouthpieces for magnificent language, and virile, ever so virile! but they seem to have omitted the preliminary of being human. Webster, it is true, does give us more humanity, in sudden revealing flashes; in the midst of his black, thundrous atmosphere, with its charnel accessories, one is thrilled by tones in which a tortured or defiant heart vibrates. Yet, as Rupert Brooke significantly says, one often remembers a splendid saying but forgets what character spoke it, or indeed to which of Webster's two great plays it belongs. Some of the finest things in Webster, as has been recently discovered, are taken straight from Sidney or Montaigne, though it is wonderful how he transforms them and makes them his own. He is a strange figure, having so much of greatness in him, and yet capable of such singular lapses in art. What is lacking in him is the grand, continuous, interior rhythm which swells and subsides through the very substance of a play like "Othello." Some impediment seemed to inhere in this dark genius, to whom we owe such unforgettable phrases of pathos and of terror. Brooke's account of Webster is not very coherent. He concludes with a page of extravagant writing, in which "the world called Webster" is described as one where men and women are driven only by their instincts, with an unending soulless energy—"the feverish and ghastly turmoil of a nest of maggots." If there is much that is raw and boyish in the whole essay, still it is wonderful work for a boy to have written; and in the appendices there is scholarly spade-work, which will be valued in time probably more than the aesthetic criticism. Brooke's analysis of "Appius and Virginia," and his argument for assigning it to Heywood rather than Webster are lucid and convincing.

But at the present moment it is Rupert Brooke that interests us more than what he had to say about John Webster: and these pages help us to picture more vividly what kind of nature it was—conscious of great mental and physical gifts, restless, vivid alike in the delight and the disgust of life, at war with itself—to which the call of action and danger gave the simplicity of aim and conviction it had seemed to lack. The bitterness of complexity departed, and a new clearness and integrity of tone came into the voice of the singer just as his radiant figure was to pass from our sight.

A CRITIC OF THE CENTURY: DIXON SCOTT.*

By Thomas Seccombe.

IT is something to have drawn Mr. Max Beerbohm into the ranks of those content to serve as Masters of the Ceremonies. Not in vain, however, has he breathed the same air as Dr. Garnett, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse and Lord Rosebery, for he shows at once familiarity and ease with the white wand. His essay in introduction serves as a Persian carpet to the critical divan. If there is any target at all within range of Max's light rifle the practice is certain to be pretty.

"Not by humility alone can we critics excel, but the more we have of it, the better. Gone are the days. . . . We may cast a wistful quarterly glance at that motto which still adorns the cover of *The Edinburgh Review*, but well we know that it is no longer a question of the judge being condemned if the guilty man is let off; the judge was condemned long ago on his own demerits. There is a letter in which Miss Charlotte Brontë wrote

* "Men of Letters." By Dixon Scott. With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm and a Frontispiece Portrait. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of her trepidation in meeting, at a dinner given for the purpose by her publisher, three leading critics. One can imagine them—grave, bald, whiskered men in broad cloth, peering through their spectacles at the little woman of genius, and wondering whether she would be able to prove her innocence; immensely grave and self-important gentlemen, and yet—had they and she but known it—ghosts, empty and pathetic survivals from another century."

The judgments of the tribunal had been so often reversed on appeal, they had committed such a series of senile howlers that they had come in the fulness of time to recognise their own futility; it had dawned upon the critics that they really had no right whatever to wear a full-bottomed wig, but that they might look very well even yet in a neat peaked cap with *Interpreter* embroidered round the front of it.

As a matter of fact the data required for such an inference as this, that the official criticism of the last century was mainly imposture, would have to be enormous; in the second place, the Court of Appeal itself is perpetually changing its verdicts. But quite apart from these considerations I believe that the critic, by profession, when he has been free to speak out honestly has been right a great deal oftener than the men in the street. The judge may fumble about, heavily enough, over his rules and his precedents, but it is better, some might say, to have some fixed parallels than to be dependent solely upon an engaging personality and a bright interpreter's uniform of one's own designing. One is inclined to think that there is loss as well as gain in the disappearance of motived criticism; the same conflict of loss and gain is seen in regard to the novel. A hundred years ago we had narrative, as in "Old Mortality"; now we have *revue* as in "Mr. Britling." More license now to annotate the passing show—but the worship of the ideal, the criticism of life!

Mr. Dixon Scott is one of the most iridescent interpreters the reader is likely to encounter on a summer's day. Time pants after him in vain. The traveller entrusted to him is deeply interested in what he has to tell, but is imploring him half the time not to go so fast, space his words a little more, and give the semi-tones a chance. The high notes he takes are sometimes perilously exhausting. Thus:

By "man of letters" I do not at all mean a man delighting in grace-notes, eager to speak of trees stirring "as if in their sleep" careful to say "near to sunset" instead of "towards evening." Rather I mean a man possessing a certain ruthless, Röntgen faculty which is actually the enemy of literary diapering—a keen cathodic sense that bites and pierces through mere textures till it reaches a bony anatomy beneath—and that only knows it has reached it (this is the uncanny thing) because it suddenly sees its vague perceptions contracting into a shrunken, stringent formula of words. Does that sound too theoretical?

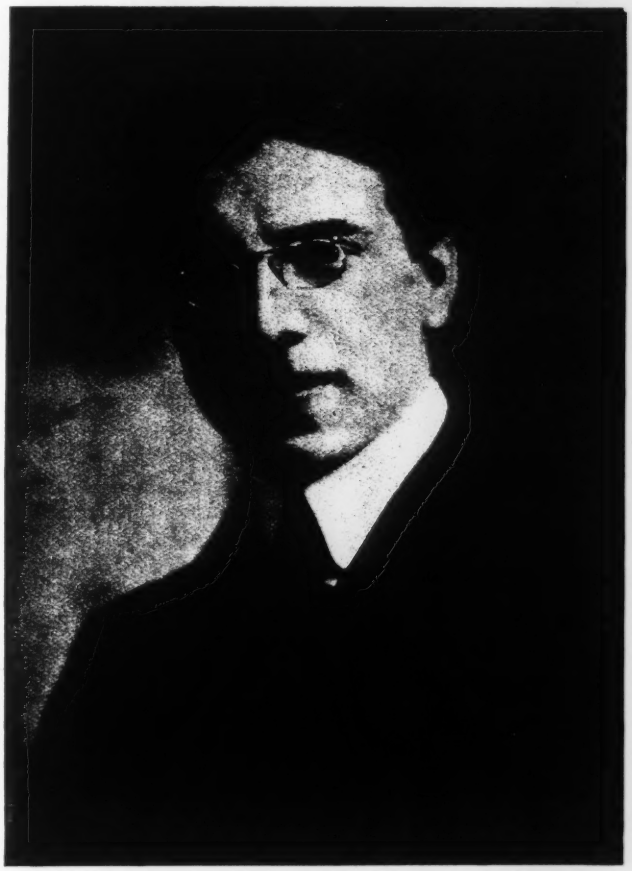


Photo by Gooch. **Dixon Scott.**

Well, honestly, I must say it does, I think, seem just a little, perhaps. An interpreter, of course, does need tongues, but whether he needs quite such a large, such a copious vocabulary in each one of them may possibly be open to question. Mr. Scott takes us up steep acclivities at times, and that at a breathless pace. But they are, at any rate, places to which we have seldom been before, difficult places, to which if we had been before we had been taken by circuitous routes; but he gets us there after him, somehow; his perception is not at fault, and he makes the old BOOKMAN hum in the process, as it has not hummed since G. K. Chesterton spun in it:

"It was the hour of the 'eighties—the ineffable 'eighties—when a recondite vulgarity was the vogue; and æsthetic London was tremendously anxious to display its capacity for enjoying new sensation. Dilettantism had deserted the Oxford of Walter Pater for 'The Oxford' of Marie Lloyd and Walter Sickert. If you were a poet you were ashamed not to be seen in cabmen's shelters; and a little hashish was considered quite the thing. Oh, a superior hour! And so when the rag-time chords of the Departmental Ditties flicked and snapped an introduction to the laconic patter of the coloured 'Plain Tales from the Hills' and when the tingling Tales themselves, with their parakeets and ivory, their barbaric chic and syncopated slang, provided qualities reminiscent in fairly equal parts of exotic Eastern prints and East End music-halls."

Such was the hour of Mr. Rudyard's apparition, the sun-baked books from Allahabad eclipsed the Yellow Book in *chic*, and then the exasperating fellow went popular. And the explanation of the reason and success of all this very un-English exploitation and exaltation of the Barrack is in the best Chestertonian. Mr. Kipling had not the faintest notion of reverencing the common soldier. But he badly

wanted the common soldier to reverence the power of the pen—his private *Genie*:

"What egged him on was the kind of humiliating, half resentment, from which so many writers necessarily suffer most. Like Mr. Shaw's affectation of ferocity, like Mr. Maurice Hewlett's early hectics, most of his first work was just the artist's human retort to that intolerable tolerance with which the workers, the doers, fighters, men of action, regard his anæmic indoor trade. It was Beetle's way of enforcing respect at Westward Ho! It was young Kipling's way of adjusting things at Simla. He would prove that ink could be thicker than blood, the pen even more daring than the sword, and a certain small spectacled sub-editor, fond of poetry, not quite such an innocent lamb as he looked."

The author is inquisitive as to the fundamental properties of prose, and he has exceptional gifts of exposition. Stevenson makes the most delicate inlay work in black-and-white, and files out to the fraction of a hair. Kipling's own work, says Dixon Scott, is even freer from fluff or haze or slackness.

"The rhythms run with a snap from stop to stop; every sentence is as straight as a string: each has its self-contained tune. Prise one of them out of its place and you feel it would fall with a clink; leaving a slot that would never close up as the holes do in woollier work. Replace it, and it locks back like type in a forme fitting into the paragraph as the paragraph fits into the tale. There are no glides or grace-notes, or blown spray of sound. Most prose that loves rhythm yields its music like a mist, an emanation that forms a bloom on the page, softly blurring the partitions of the periods. Kipling's prose shrinks stiffly from this trustfulness. The rhythms must report themselves promptly, prove their validity, start afresh after the full-stop."

Technique, according to Mr. Scott, often controls an author's range as well as regulates his limitations. In the case of Mr. Shaw he seems to think that precocity in economic debate has starched a possible Jean Christophe into a Protestant Diogenes plus the encyclopædism of a modern Helvetius. His struggle with Bernard releases a cloud of epigrammatic sparks. In an orgy of verbal exhilaration he discovers the secret of Barrie to be the fear of being labelled "Sentimental Barrie." He loved the seductive thing so. "Ours" (speaking as a Scot) "is a queer country. Caresses being rare in it, we gloat furtively over the idea of them. Prettiness and daintiness seldom appearing among our dour bare-backit hills, it is we who write passionate poems in praise of tiny daisies and gemmy-eyed field-mice." He is really an excellent guide-interpreter when once you get used to his idiom. He matches the wit of Mr. Wells with his own, and thus describes him forcibly at the easel: "Watch him roughing out a new house, a new state, a new time: it is like seeing a master-draughtsman working with swift coloured chalks—dashing in towers with a touch, swirling out vistas, dropping details in their wake like gems." He can even manage to find words to size up the carnival prose style of "Beau Beerbohm" in "Zuleika": "It is as formal as Mozart and as irresponsible as a fairy tale; fine literature it is and yet a lark. Loveliness glides in and out among the revellers, but only as a lure for wit, and the wit is there for wantonness." "The Homeliness of Browning" seems to me to be the one essay in which the author topples into paradox, for although he is often on the verge of it he has a wise distrust of its treachery; perhaps it is inevitable in a centenary article to sublimate some figure of speech, and of late it is the rigorous fashion to represent Browning as pellucid, "Paracelsus," which caused Hazlitt to auscult his brain, and "Sordello," which stupefied Swinburne, as easy-going substitutes for noughts and crosses. We shall have Meredith's Later Poems next, edited for the Fourth Standard, and cutting out "Casabianca." What the author has to say of Meredith's "Letters" is nobly phrased. Here he says, of "The Letters," are 'the poems before condensation, we watch the creed being carved. . . . He climbs before our eyes; we count the steps as they are cut and hear the ring of the axe . . . his past is our future and these letters may help us like maps into the unknown.'"

One of the best studied and most successful of the essays is the last, dealing with the first volume of poems published by William Morris, entitled "The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems," 1858. The theory is that these poems are the one collection in which Morris learned in suffering what he taught in song. Later he ceased relatively to suffer, his life became a sort of sunken garden, and his poetic message became muffled.

"Guenevere declares the Poet Morris refused to become. This is not mere hyperbole. Much of Jason's mildness is directly the result of Morris's increased powers of craftmanship and his increased mastery of life; and the special quality of Guenevere, the rare, high note that makes it magical, did steal into it, as we are now to see, quite without Morris's consent—his deliberate design. It may sound fantastic, but it is circumstantially true, that he was one of the few readers of the book who failed to understand its significance. It is a matter of record that he never liked it: that he deliberately destroyed a bundle of contemporary verse, veined with the same quality: that he consented to the publication of a second edition with extreme reluctance and only on condition that he was allowed to revise and reshape it."

Revision shows how he had lost the philtre of his Oxford dream.

The Grail is only granted to those who suffer vigils and fastings, whereas Morris became a merry artificer. "Inspiration is nonsense, I tell you flat. If a man can't turn out an epic while working at a loom he had better give up the job." He never filed, but sat down in a room full of friends and drove ahead, reams at a time. He composed to compose himself. He refused to enter the dark inner chambers of the mind, never wrought himself into a fever, or wrestled with the angel, but used his art as a relaxation. He dug, he dyed, he fished, he cooked, he carved and printed, and then when the day was done or his arms grew tired, he simply sat down with his pen, brought the sun back and soaked his happy senses all afresh, the happiest of poets, singer of "The Earthly Paradise." As a poet, Morris seemed to grow downwards, that is the thesis, sustained with power and insight.

These qualities, with keen analytic gifts and a striking faculty of audition which enabled him to qualify prose by its sound as few modern writers have done, indicate that Dixon Scott would have merited, had he lived, a high rank as literary historian, interpreter, taster and critic. Born in 1881, he was a pupil of Professor Elton, some of whose brilliant qualities as stylist-critic he

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reproduced with fidelity. The area of his influence was widening pretty rapidly, as it deserved to do, from Liverpool and Manchester to London, when the war broke out. He was even then meditating a selection of his papers to make a book. It was unfinished when he, a Lieutenant in the R.F.A., sailed for Gallipoli. It was on October 2nd, 1915, that he landed there, and twenty days later he died of dysentery on board a hospital ship. That his mind was at ease we gather from what he says here of Rupert Brooke.

A VALENTINE.

Diana, still to Love's entreaty shy,
A silver crescent in a frosty sky,
White rosebud that will blossom by and by,

For you in time the nightingale shall sing,
The moon of May her fuller radiance bring
To light the summer's bridal with the spring.

But you are in the morning of the year,
Her lingering snowflakes are your playmates dear,
Her wintry music all you care to hear.

So take my love, the only love you know:
A blackbird's fluting when the winds are low,
A violet in the February snow.

Receive the earliest fragrance at your shrine,
And let a moonbeam on the giver shine,
One smile to grace your humblest Valentine.

E. R. FARADAY.

New Books.

CHARLES LISTER.*

Something of a new and tender literature is arising out of the Great War—a literature which is at once fascinating and yet deeply touching and sad, in that it is ever bringing to mind those saddest words of tongue or pen, "It might have been." We mean that literature in which is set forth the stories of the brilliant young men who have been claimed as sacrifices by the Moloch-megalomania of Prussia, the young men of promise in so many fields of activity who would have been the great ones of the future if they had not nobly responded to the call of the new Crusade and fallen martyrs in the cause of that civilisation of which they were the flower, and those ideals which are greater than life. Terrible indeed is the list of such young men, terrible and yet grand; for much as we must muse and mourn over the might have been, we cannot in reading this new literature fail to feel proud of the greatness of spirit which led to the noble sacrifice in a great cause.

Among such books this volume is a notable and moving one, giving as it does, the frank friendly letters of a thoughtful young diplomatist who became a soldier and was of those whose lives were sacrificed on the Gallipoli peninsula. In February he had, while in training at home, written saying that the idea that he and his men would be sent to the front was a "persistent fallacy." Yet within a month he was outward bound for Gallipoli with the Royal Naval Division, and within another six months had made the supreme sacrifice, and added one more to the lives of brilliant promise cut off in early manhood. His letters, whether those written while he was still an Oxford student, those when he had entered upon Foreign Office life, or when he had set out on his short period of active service, are all clear, interesting, and full of character, revealing something of the sterling quality of the writer. The short, tenderly discursive yet reticent memoir with which Lord Ribblesdale prefaces the volume, shows Charles Lister as one eager for knowledge, testing life as it were at all points—throwing himself with fervour even into one or other branch of the Socialist movement—not in any mere fashion of irresponsibility, but with an evident desire to make himself master of the problems of life. Something of the same thing was shown again in the letters written after the taking up of Foreign Office work when he declared half humorously that he found "Welt-politik" fascinating.

Charles Lister.
Eton, *circa*, 1902-4.
From "Charles Lister" (Fisher Unwin).

Besides the introductory memoir and the letters there are reminiscences of Charles Lister during different periods: "Eton, 1900–5," by Mrs. Warre Cornish, "Eton and Balliol, 1905–6," by the Rev. Ronald Knox, and "Oxford, 1906–10," by Cyril Bailey. These all help to a fuller understanding and appreciation of a character finely representative of some of the best of British qualities. Those who share with Lord Ribblesdale a love of biography will feel grateful to him for having given us this moving and stimulating memorial of his brave son.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Charles Lister: Letters and Recollections." With a Memoir by his Father, Lord Ribblesdale. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

POETRY AND VERSE.*

Mr. Francis Ledwidge's "Songs of the Fields" gave assurance of a poet in exquisite phrases; "Songs of Peace"[1] give the poet his rightful place. Lord Dunsany was fortunate to discover him: for surely this is genius, and "the Spirit bloweth where it listeth." A few years ago the world had no better use for Mr. Ledwidge than to put him to road-mending. Better than office-work, anyhow, for cradling a poet. There is poetry in these solitary figures on an Irish country road, with the solitary fields all around—and, mind you, most things a poet needs

[1] "Songs of Peace." By Francis Ledwidge. (Herbert Jenkins.)

for his trade pass by the road-mender, or abide with him of summer and winter days. Since then Mr. Ledwidge has been in the war. He was at Suvla, and in the Serbian retreat where to the Irish regiments was the greater glory. He has been invalided home, and is now fighting on the Somme. The world cannot afford to lose a poet of his quality. And now for the poems of the road-mender, who is a true gentleman as well as a heaven-endowed poet. I acknowledge that such miracles happen more commonly in Ireland than elsewhere, for these are not a road-mender's poems at all, but the poems of education and gentleness, plus genius. Here, now, is a passage from " A Dream of Artemis," which Lord Dunsany suggests may be influenced by a memory of little Francis Ledwidge following the hounds a-foot, as every Irish country boy is bound to do unless he has an ass to ride:

" I followed them across a tangled way
Till the red deer broke out and took the brow
Of a wide hill in bounces like a ball.
Beside swift Artemis I joined the chase:
We raised up kine and scattered fleecy flocks,
Crossed at a mill a swift and bubbly race;
Scaled in a wood of pine the knotty rocks;
Past a grey vision of a valley town;
Past swains at labour in their coloured frocks;
Once saw a boar upon a windy down;
Once heard a cradle in a lonely place,
And saw the red flash of a frightened fox.

We passed a garden where three maids in blue
Were talking of a queen a long time dead.
We caught a green glimpse of the sea: then thro'
A town all hills; now round a wood we sped
And killed our quarry in his native lair.
Then Artemis spun round to me and said:
'Whence came you?' and I took her long, damp hair
And made a ball of it, and said: 'Where you
Are midnight's dreams of love.'"

There's honey for you from Hybla.

And here is one perfect poem from among many, for it is a book of perfections:

A LITTLE BOY IN THE MORNING.

" He will not come, and still I wait—
He whistles at another gate
Where angels listen. Ah, I know
He will not come, yet if I go
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the flowery grass?

The moon leans on one silver horn
Above the silhouettes of morn,
And from their nest-sills finches whistle,
Or, stooping, pluck the downy thistle.
How is the morn so gay and fair
Without his whistling in its air?

The world is calling, I must go.
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the shining grass?"

I remember Mr. John Drinkwater's first volume. He has travelled a long way from that to " Olton Pools,"[3] and his progress has been steady. He has taken his art seriously and reverently, with the result that he has attained to a real craftsmanship, and a very delicate achievement. The quietness of English landscape at twilight and dawn are in these pensive and tender poems. If one looked for an adjective for them one might find it in " choice." Mr. Drinkwater will not take the kingdom of this world by violence, but he will appeal to those like-minded with himself who love the tender *nuances* of expression. Mr. Ledwidge's colour is blue: there is heavenly blue in all his pages. The colour of Mr. Drinkwater's poetry is grey—dove-grey and silver-grey. He has attained to a quiet excellence.

" Serbian Folk-Songs "[3] are rather disappointing. Neither in the folk-songs, nor in the fairy-stories and proverbs with which they are bound do we find the natural magic we hope for. Doubtless it has dropped out somehow and been lost in the translation, which is a pity, for its soldier-editor has taken a deal of trouble over it, and has written quite a learned introduction, and called in all the authorities to help him. It is not easy to convey natural magic in a translation, but it can be done, as it was done by Miss Alma Strettell for Roumania. One can see that the stories are faithful, and in so far as they reveal the mind and soul of our brave Ally, they are interesting. But they lack *that*—the *that* of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Miss Evelyn Simms's " Crowning Purpose "[4] is a story in blank verse—a story of God and the soul, and how God takes the soul of the man by blindness wrought in battle, and so he loses the world and gains Heaven. It is a beautiful poem, and the lessons it teaches are high and holy. Her blank verse has a liquid and musical flow, and the whole feeling is spiritual in a high degree.

Nothing could well be more unlike than the minds behind " The Crowning Purpose " of Evelyn Simms and " Morning Mist "[5], by Janet Begbie. The one is the work of a peaceful woman, very happy in treading the old paths, and winning out of horror and confusion only a nearer sense of the Divine protection. Janet Begbie, on the other hand, is a young woman in revolt. Her book has a certain disorder, not only in the matter but in the manner. She will do much better than this book, for she has the root of the matter in her: and she can make a song that a child or an old saint might sing.

" Our Lady, bless my brooms to-day,
I have no time to kneel or pray,
So I will make my work a prayer.
Our Lady, lend your presence there.

I swept the stairs, and violets blue
And lilies from the carpet grew:
All round the wash-tub in a ring
I saw star snooded cherubs sing.
Beside me at the stove did stand
Francis and John on either hand.

Our Lady, bless my little bed
That is so hard and thinly spread;
But peace makes down of every part,
And a great warmth is in my heart."

Is this for " St. Zita," the servant-saint? Miss Begbie will hardly do better than this clear snatch of song.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A BROKEN DEITY.*

America has sent us so many worthless novels—the crudely obvious written in sentimentalese—that it is a relief unspeakable to get one that rings true, and is artistic. " The Leatherwood God " is characteristically American; it tells of the old, simpler order of existence, before the gospel of hustle and the unscrupulous organiser had brought the doubtful blessing of prosperity to the land. Farmer Hayseed was still using the methods of Adam and Abraham; there was a bucolic innocence abounding, combined with a comfortable self-confidence, that drew, among other things, the kind attentions of the mountebank and the quack. Joseph Dylks, the hero of Mr. Howells' novel, makes a fascinating study. Is any human being more attractive to the psychologist than the rogue who happens to be a charlatan? He represents the positive negation, so to speak, of a quality. He is the artist whose invention and imagination are merely misapplied. He is the creator who desecrates; the explorer whose province of discovery is the commercial possibilities of deceitfulness and cant. As with Mr. Sludge, it is not all trickery and lying; there is a vein of simplicity and sincerity tangled somewhere in the personal machinery; often it is that inherent quality

[3] " Olton Pools." By John Drinkwater. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[3] " Serbian Folk Songs, Fairy Tales and Proverbs." By Maximilian A. Mügge. 3s. 6d. (Drane.)

[4] " The Crowning Purpose." By Evelyn Simms. 1s. net. (Martin Secker.)

[5] " Morning Mist." By Janet Begbie. 1s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

* " The Leatherwood God." By W. D. Howells. 5s. net. (Jenkins.)

which spoils the game and brings the adventurer to punishment. Dylks was not nearly clever enough to justify the daring of his ambitions; but, more than anything else, it was want of pluck at the decisive moment that brought him to ruin. Received at once among the simpletons as a messenger from God, a prophet, he is encouraged by their amazing credulity and adulation to proclaim himself Christ, and, ultimately, the very Creator. The "Little Flock" of the Leatherwood Temple accepted all that Dylks told them with an even fierce fervour, and prostrated themselves before him in a shameful self-surrender.

Mr. Howells has made a fine study of this soaring charlatan. He might have spent a little more time in showing the processes by which Dylks convinced himself into taking the definite, audacious steps that led to his divinity; though, perhaps, after all, it was wiser to suggest the ways and leave details alone. Only the artist himself can know. He is, anyhow, definite enough when treating of the flaws that brought the failure of the self-elected deity; they were cowardice and innate untruthfulness at the critical moment—and yet it was not such a failure after all; for even the drowning of Dylks before the eyes of many witnesses was lost in the glamour of their determinate self-deception. Beaten by the enemies who had scorned and hated him, proved false, a liar and a coward, as well as that minor miscreant a wife-deserter, he had departed to all intents broken; yet a faithful following, the remnant of the Little Flock, persisted, and went with him in search of a Promised Land—his promise—that was all mists and moonshine. It was merely another of the phantoms over the hills, where the rainbow sets its roots. The poor coward, the dupe of his dupes, misled by his own colossal and arrogant self-confidence, was in a misery of despair because the needed miracles would not realise themselves. At last he fell into the river—whether by accident or design probably not even Mr. Howells knows—and was drowned. Men and women saw him sink. Two boys who swam to his rescue were immediate witnesses of the definite fatality; but no, self-deception would not be displaced, and the credulous pilgrims, returned to their Leatherwood township, declared that Dylks, their Leatherwood God, had been borne to Heaven in a shining chariot.

This is, indeed, a clever book that deserves a great and sustained success. Mr. Howells has used his gifts with a fine economy and purpose. He has made his hero, with all his meanness and mischievousness, a breathing being who manages to win the reader's sympathy. That in itself is a triumph; for the religious charlatan, beyond all others of the sordid company of quacks, is heavily handicapped from the start. The last chapter would have been better left out, and the first few pages are somewhat elusive; but "The Leatherwood God" with its courage, insight and finish, is so triumphant that not to read it is to miss one of the few novels that matter.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE REAL ARGENTINE.*

With practically the whole world in the melting pot it is as well that we should revise our estimate of some, at least, of the neutral States, as well as those of friends and foes, before we turn our swords into ploughshares and plan the new earth, if not the new heaven, that is to follow Armageddon. Personally I had long suspected that some of the glowing accounts of the South American Republics published in this country of late years were subsidised by the Governments of the countries dealt with, and consequently were about as impartial as a railway guide-book. Mr. Hammerton confirms my suspicions in his unnecessary apology for adding at least one sincere volume to the formidable library already existing on the subject.

The Argentine, at all events, is now shown in something like its true colours; for there is the unmistakable air of truth in every line of "The Argentine through English Eyes." It is always easier to praise than to blame, and Mr. Hammerton has shown, in more than one good book, as well as in much excellent journalism, that he can be as generous as anyone where praise is due. But he can be proportionately severe in his criticism; and he finds a great deal to criticise in the Argentine Republic. His book will disillusionise everyone who has relied on the rose-tinted impressions of the subsidised studies, just as the country itself disillusionised Mr. Hammerton during his stay of a year or more in the region which his imagination, stirred by an early zest for tales of the buccaneers and the Spanish Main, had always filled with the glamour of romance.

"The Paris of the New World," as Buenos Ayres likes to call herself, he describes as the world's most prodigious mushroom. Its streets are narrow and villainously paved, and its pretentious buildings—largely copies in stucco of the solid stone-work of the European capitals—make it little but "a splendid city of sham." It is true that it is not quite the most expensive city in the world to live in, for both Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, apparently can give it points in this respect, but it does its best to live up to that reputation. A peso and a half (2s. 7½d.) seems to be an ordinary charge for a simple hair-cut; a seat in the pit of the commonest theatre costs about 5s. 3d.; and if you follow the fashion in Latin-America, where the silk hat is the hall-mark of social standing, it will cost you anything from 3s. 6d. to 7s. merely to get your "topper" ironed. Other charges are more or less in proportion. As for the climate, which one enthusiast has described as the finest in the world, Mr. Hammerton found it either too much of a good thing or too much of a bad thing. He relieves his mind fully on this painful subject, having suffered in Buenos Ayres as great a variety of weather in three or four months as we get in London in as many years. And as for the mosquitoes . . . !

Yet Mr. Hammerton willingly concedes that the Argentine offers exceptional opportunities to the keen man of business. The country has made such steady progress for many years that credit all round is uncommonly good. An atmosphere of confidence and prosperity tends to make commercial conditions "easy," and men do not haggle over the fractional profits with which manufacturers and merchants have nowadays to be content in the Old World. Stories are told of astute young Britons making handsome incomes in an incredibly short time, and the native preference for British goods is an asset not lightly to be thrown away. In this connection Mr. Hammerton utters some words of warning:

> "A good deal of this preference is the natural result of British capital having been so largely used to develop the country—they say locally, 'British money and Italian labour have made the Argentine'—but let me warn the British manufacturer that things cannot continue as they are indefinitely; this happy condition of demand exceeding supply will change, and, meanwhile, if he is making no serious effort to consider more carefully the needs of his customers and to render them better service, his astute German competitor will be 'climbing upward in the night.'"

This was obviously written before the Great War, but a footnote brings it up to date with advice to the effect that since the war must have modified German competition, now is the time for the British exporter to forge ahead.

It is not surprising that such an inveterate bookman as Mr. Hammerton should have found his chief attractions not in the market-places, but among the book-shops which save the streets of Buenos Ayres from being wholly uninspiring. It is to the credit of the capital that in proportion to population it far excels London in the number and character of its book-shops, and also to the credit of the publishers of the Old World that practically every country has sent of its best "to keep alive the taste for letters in those whom the eternal quest for the elusive dollar has taken to far-away Argentina." There are not only British, French, Italian, and Spanish book-shops, but one in which the literary products of the Turk and Syrian are sold to the Oriental community. The enterprising

* "The Argentine Through English Eyes." By J. A. Hammerton. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Edinburgh house which sends its beautiful Spanish reprints to Buenos Ayres should note the author's hint that it is offering its wares too cheaply. Mr. Hammerton knows what he is talking about when he says that the Argentine estimates everything by the price its maker puts upon it. To offer him reprints at an exceptionally cheap rate is at once to decry them. Of the Press, as of the book-shops, the author has much to say in praise. One half expected to learn that among a Latin people something existed of the levity of continental journalism. Instead, it seems that they are almost absurdly respectable, the result, it is suggested, of a very obvious lack of humour in the people. Let it be placed to their credit account, however, that the author knows of no cleaner journalism anywhere.

Every phase of life—in the vast ranches of the up-country as well as in the city—is studied in this shrewd, unvarnished account by one who is not blind to the virtues of the Argentine because he is fully alive to its faults. In similar fashion he describes a summer spent in Montevideo, and concludes with some notes and impressions of Uruguay. Well written throughout, and profusely illustrated, his book will rank as one of the outstanding contributions of recent years to the literature of South America.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

FURTHER PAGES OF MY LIFE.*

When Benjamin Franklin was a working lad, his father used to encourage him by quoting the text of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Franklin observes, with a touch of satisfaction which is odd in an American democrat, that his father's word came literally true, since he himself had stood before five kings, and had even dined with one. Dr. Carpenter must have been diligent in his calling. We know that, although not from his own pages. And he too stood before kings, especially before King Edward and the Kaiser. Each of these monarchs has a chapter to himself. The Kaiser was an admirer of Bishop Carpenter's writings, and evidently the two men were on fairly intimate terms. But on his last visit to Berlin, in June, 1913, Dr. Carpenter found the Kaiser changed, apparently under apprehension and fear. He now realises that this was due to the sinister influence of the German Foreign Office and the military autocrats. Well, it may be so. At any rate, we can sympathise with Dr. Carpenter's poignant regret that his august friend has succumbed to the baser influences of his *entourage*.

The most interesting pages of the book are not connected with kings, however. Take plumbers, for example. They do not appear in the index, but they get a page and a half of semi-humorous, semi-indignant comment. Owing to careless plumbing work, six of Dr. Carpenter's children were laid low with scarlet fever, and the memory of it wrings from him some pointed sentences.

> "People have often speculated about men's callings, and wondered which profession or business affords the greater chance of heaven, or elsewhere. I have no doubt that every calling has its dangers; I have still less doubt that plumbers have, of all trades, the least chance of heaven. Their trade offers them such an easy path for fraud, and here, if anywhere, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Their wickednesses are hidden, if not in the depths of their heart, yet in the lower places of our home. It is a marvel to me that people have so long borne the blood-guiltiness of this business. . . . Had the apostle lived in modern days he would not have complained of the coppersmith, but of another trade. In our own day Mr. G. R. Sims has sung a ballad of the plumber:
>
> 'The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold,
> With his pockets all bulging with silver and gold.
> For twenty-three hours he courted the cook,
> And twenty-four shillings he charged in his book.'
>
> And may the good Lord have mercy on plumbers, for they sadly need it!"

* "Further Pages of My Life." By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. With Portraits and Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Dr. Carpenter has kindlier memories of railway men. He speaks warmly of the kindness invariably shown him by the porters and railway foremen at Holbeck Junction, when he was Bishop of Ripon, and one of his reminiscences concerns a cheap-jack vendor in Duke Street, Liverpool, who was trying for moral reasons to persuade people to buy packs of cards. He told them, among other recommendations, that a pack of cards was a Bible. The ace reminded us of the one God, the two of the two natures in Christ, the three of the Trinity, and so forth. Even the king reminded him of Solomon, and the Queen of the Queen of Sheba. Dr. Carpenter must have a retentive memory and a vivid sense for what is vivid in the byways of life. Decidedly, we prefer him to tell us of ordinary folk rather than of monarchs.

There are pages in which we hear the preacher moralising. But then Dr. Carpenter moralises freshly, and he is seldom too long. There are other pages which describe more private experiences, some of which the reader feels a certain compunction in even reading; life has secret pages which most people would hesitate to make public, and Dr. Carpenter's book contains more than one of these. But it is written with humour as well as with pathos. His account of his children in their home-life is delightful. And the pages upon the clergy reveal the material which an episcopate furnishes for "Scenes of Clerical Life." Dr. Carpenter will have many of his fellow clerics with him in the verdict that debt is more demoralising than drunkenness, as a rule, in the Christian ministry:

> "A man can so easily deceive himself about his debts: he can mislead others, and he can readily ignore or adroitly postpone the day of reckoning. The habit grows, and it slowly yet surely demoralises the whole character."

The chapter on "War-Memories" goes back to the Crimean campaign. He tells us that when Sebastopol fell, one of the books found in the Russian dug-outs was a translation of the "Pickwick Papers." Of the Soudan muddle, under Mr. Gladstone, he speaks quite frankly:

> "Our expedition was too late. It seems to be an English failing—or rather a failing of English Governments. There is a proverb which says 'To be wise too late is the exactest definition of a fool'; but to the Government which let Gordon perish a stronger word ought to be applied. The deceived people of this country ought to have ostracised the Government which allowed this dishonour to befall them."

How long we take, as a nation, to outgrow our failings!

JAMES MOFFATT.

WORK AND TALK.*

The title and the dedication of Mr. Pennell's album of drawings are sufficient warning of the purport of the book, even to those who have no previous knowledge of his attitude and career. But by this time there must be few folk unaware of his passion for discovering picturesqueness in energy applied to the service of man. Time was when he set himself to celebrate picturesqueness of another kind, and there remains as a result a notable gallery of black-and-white work in praise of the cathedral-builders of mediæval France. But Mr. Pennell would probably reply that in this work done for the *Century Magazine* years ago he was less a free agent than he would have liked, and when engaged on a travelling commission even a Pennell must consult his editor's desires. Since he has been his own master, however, he has elected for the "gospel of work" and stuck to it, and even in his book dealing with "The Greek Temples," he was consistent in his recantation of old slurs upon the classic spirit, for he coupled it with a re-assertion of his own favourite text and exemplified it in those labours of the architects and builders of the ancient world.

The present book is frankly modern—too much so, for some people perhaps—but one proof that the artist is right and they are wrong is that he is gathering in his

* "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work." 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Nights: Rome, Venice, London, Paris." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

own lifetime more than the usual laurels that fall to the lot of the reformer. He gives us sketches of mining and manufacturing processes in England, Belgium, Italy, France, Holland, Germany, and the United States, and the fact that the earliest goes back thirty-five years is tolerable proof again of the consistency already mentioned. But there is a harmony of doctrine as well as of time, and one may trace this inculcation of the essential grandeur and romance of work from our present author to his master, Whistler—truly a worker if there ever was one, in spite of his affectations—and back from Whistler to the Carlyle whom he painted. Further back, if you will, it goes to Carlyle's master, Goethe, and the oracle of a Germany that would have disowned the wholesale deathplot which calls itself Germany to-day. The only link between that Germany and this is energy, and their difference in all else shows how depraved a thing energy can be without spiritual direction. Therefore, with all deference to Mr. Pennell and his consistency, work is not "the greatest thing in the world," as he declares it to be, unless by the use of the word "thing" you exclude the spirit.

In the lecture-essay which precedes the book, Mr. Pennell says some striking things in indication of his point of view, and those who heard the original address at the Royal Society of Arts four years ago will now enjoy its wit and fervour more than ever, because it serves as commentary on the fifty remarkable drawings that follow. It celebrates, as nothing else in English yet, so far as one is aware, the passionate dignity and splendour of the art of Constantin Meunier, but it also shows how many other masters, long before the modern age arrived, have turned from the sky-blue conventions of the schools to the plain facts of life. When the author proceeds to draw a pen-picture of an intensely up-to-date and strenuous city like New York, one cannot help noting that he has had to fall back upon old devices of rhetoric that by all the laws of logic his gospel of realities should teach him to despise. But even a reformer must talk to the world in its own language, and where his words fail, Mr. Pennell will assuredly win with his pictures. They are an amazing revelation of what can be done by lithography and good reproduction to arrive at a record of aspects of life which must needs interest posterity.

After these laborious days "Nights" comes with a sense of fulfilment and reward. Mrs. Pennell has long been a companion of the pen in her husband's traffics and discoveries, and they have arrived at such a happy identification as sometimes to make us wonder which of the two, the text or the pictures, was the main thread and which the accompaniment. Here there is no doubt whatever, for the theme is all of past experiences and adventures in the 'eighties and 'nineties, and the portraits and views by so many celebrated hands are only a kind of reinforcement or afterthought. But the double method is amply justified, for we are occupied with old battles over again in the world of the salons, and the combat of ideas on art and everything else never gets any further than the tongue. Actual autobiography, and this book is vastly more, could not give us more of the sense of challenging fortune, of going out into the wilds of race and language and finding comprehension, of foraging for subjects and making lasting friends. From the day they landed in Rome on the first tandem tricycle it had ever seen, and incurred a fine for furious driving, and then engaged an eyrie of a lodgment which proved in winter to be without a fireplace, the story is one of cheerful misadventures and everlasting talk about art and artists. Whether it was Donoghue the irrepressible sculptor in Rome, or the blond and beautiful Duveneck at Venice, or Henley and "Bob" Stevenson in London, or Henry Harland in the heyday of Bohemian Paris—in every case the characterisation is true and convincing, the aroma of the talk is as good as listening to the men themselves, and the anecdote is invariably fresh and memorable. The height of the book's success is that it gives in a pleasant rambling reverie a happy sense of good company, acute characterisation, and travel for travel's sake, with a disposition to enjoy and a faculty to retain all the best impressions.

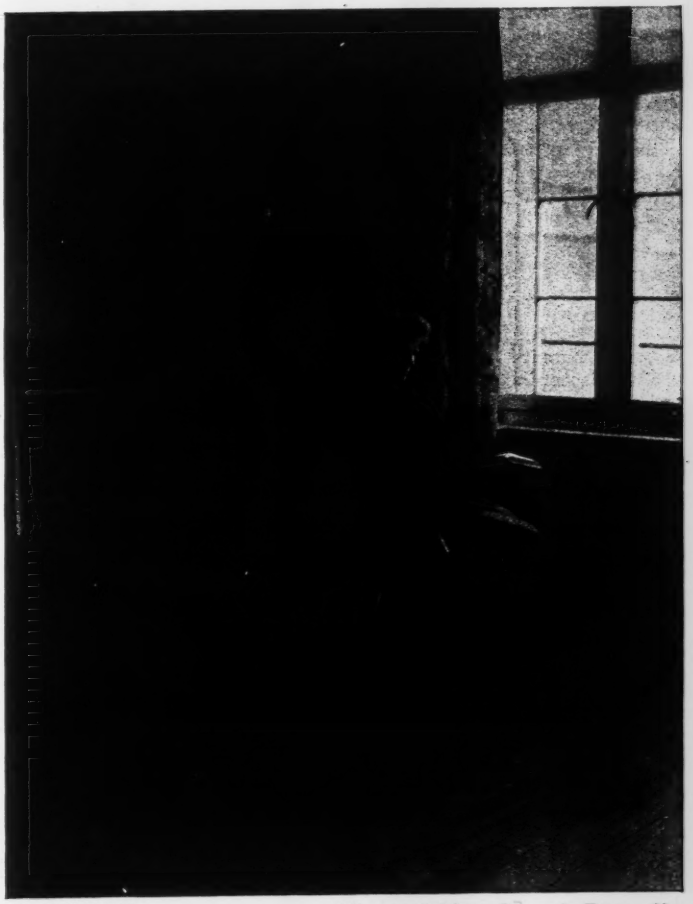

Photo by W. E. Gray, Bayswater.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell.

SEVEN GOOD NOVELS.

Carlyle pointed to man and called him a tool-using animal, and a long time ago now there seemed to be a possibility of his becoming a novel-writing one. What a dismal prospect was there!—life a laboratory peopled by specialists, each with his Style, his Treatment, his Little Say; some trying to catch the stars in a noose of words, others toiling after the apt phrase for the Real Thing. Well, the stream of fiction has slackened from full spate, and by this time some of us have discovered how ridiculous it is to try and prove the perfume of a rose. Either you smell it, or you don't. Some people—I hope many people—have been moved by the New Thought undreamt of by Mrs. Eddy. Such folk confront fiction with the question: Does it respect the sanctities of existence?—for they now suspect that life, after all, is a noble job. Stay-at-homes, with their eyes fixed on the trenches, are ashamed to grouse when life barks their shins. Optimistic? Surely only the diseased grumble at a time like this.

Now, enter Mr. Coningsby Dawson, the benefactor who

has breathed a fine spirit of romance into "Slaves of Freedom."[1] This novel does more than tell a story; it suggests a long preliminary gestation, it is governed by an idea, and the result is a coherent narrative. A girl's reluctance to marry, her deep-seated preference for an unshackled existence, in spite of the presence in her life of the inevitable man, is the theme. Though the story does not lack plot interest, I found my attention all along engaged principally with the splendid characterisation, and the convincing representation of a boy's love of a beautiful woman—the mother of the girl he wished to marry. All the characters—they move in London and New York—are convincing, with the exception of a charlatan who floats beauty specialities and his dupe who advertises them, and there is a dear old lady who physics all and sundry, whom it is a pleasure to meet. Truly, Mr. Dawson is a benefactor in these trying days, for he has a quiet sense of humour and a deep-hearted respect for humanity.

Clever characterisation and good workmanship are the outstanding qualities of "The Buffoon,"[2] by Louis U. Wilkinson, who draws a full length portrait of a prig, and a capital study of the kind of Bohemian whom you don't want to kick downstairs. The novel lacks plot interest. At no point in the book will the reader want to know what is going to happen next, though he will be curious as to the subsequent mental phases of Edward Raynes. This bright fellow's depreciation of maternal love is offensive, and if he went to the war, I hope he learnt to live like a normal human being. "Intellectuals" may enjoy "The Buffoon," its cleverness is undoubted. . . . No, I clean my own boots, and still enjoy Browning.

I approached "The Beautiful Alien"[3] by Silas K. Hocking, with some misgiving, because I have a rooted objection to novelists making "copy" out of the war, unless they have been forced by their own personal experiences to express themselves in this way. However, if yarns have to be spun out of a calamity no one can yet envisage, Mr. Hocking's practised hand can do it as well as anyone. The machinations of a Parliamentarian's alien wife, and the consequent excitements work out to a fairly obvious conclusion. Much the same criticism, with certain reservations in the author's favour, must be passed on "You Call it Chance?"[4] by Geoffrey Mendip, which is not wanting in honestly felt emotion. The pathos of the war-marred soldier, and his heroism, have still to be adequately expressed in fiction. Nevertheless, the story is worth reading, and it is informed by a fine feeling for humanity. The hackneyed thought and the well-worn phrase, to be met with here and there in "You Call it Chance?" afflicts one on nearly every page in Mrs. Hugh Clark's novel, "In the Heyday of Youth"[5]—the story of a London doctor's ill-assorted marriage, and his attitude to a girl he had wronged. The path to the circulating libraries is paved with good intentions, and unhappily Mrs. Clark's qualifications for permanent and growing shelf room at Smith's and Mudie's are slight.

"Tonks"[6]—(the author's fortune is made if the public gets confused, and thinks this deals with land ironclads)—is better than a tonic. Everyone who needs change of air should read Hubert Church's New Zealand yarn, and as quickly as possible make the acquaintance of Tonks, alias the Duke of Caister, girls of charm and originality, Mr. Dawks, the Duke's travelling companion, and last but not least, the author himself. This book has the charm of individuality, and reveals an original and provocative outlook on life, marred here and there, however, by allusions to living statesmen, which are in deplorably bad taste. "Tonks" can hardly be termed a novel—it certainly entertained me more than the majority of novels I read—and I look forward to more work of the same quality—clothed in a wrapper worthier of the writer.

Healthy minded schoolgirls will revel (I think that's the verb) in "Six Star Ranch"[7] by Eleanor H. Porter. An hour spent with "The Happy Hexagons"—a girls' club—on a Texas ranch where there are real cowboys and other open-air delights, will be an hour well spent. The Americanisms lend salt to the narrative.

Now, in conclusion, a word or two to would-be reviewers. Read seven novels fairly consecutively, and then sort out your most living impressions. I have just done so, and the result registered is the people in "Slaves of Freedom," and the unconventional Duke and his companions in "Tonks."

WILKINSON SHERREN.

[1] "Slaves of Freedom." By Coningsby Dawson. 5s. net. (Constable.)
[2] "The Buffoon." By Louis U. Wilkinson 5s. net. (Constable.)
[3] "The Beautiful Alien." By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
[4] "You Call it Chance?" By Geoffrey Mendip. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
[5] "In the Heyday of Youth." By Mrs. Hugh Clark. 6s. (John Long.)
[6] "Tonks." By Hubert Church. 5s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

THE NEW POETRY.*

Very plain is one feature in this carefully-printed book, with its curious and almost wholly beautiful decorations—the singular note, that is, of the last and longest of the twelve poems. So easy and, therefore, so customary is it to say that poetry is and must be this, that or the other, that it is with a start of surprise that you come, at the end of this book, to something which falls into no prearranged category, yet is nevertheless (if not rather the more) poetry. The "Ode in a Restaurant" attracts, teases, rewards and again attracts, simply because it is really and clearly poetry and not a mere sardonic exercise. The mood is sardonic, but not sour; out of it there rises—as from sourness there can never rise—a pure lyric music. Mr. Squire has done a difficult and perilous thing, in boldly giving the form of verse to a half-mocking meditation which might have gone into the prose of a curious Russian novelist, but which yet, as you see when the thing is done, demands and sustains the form of verse for its full and right expression. Only sincerity, the primary sincerity of feeling and the rarer sincerity of poetic conception, can thus vindicate a writer's choice of subject and medium; and that twofold sincerity here compels you to return to the first lines of the ode as soon as you have reached the last, and read it through again. In a noisy, tawdry hall, where men feed and are grossly fed, a spiritual consciousness is awakened, spreads and is defeated in "a shock of contact with the body"; and out of that shock is the theme developed.

> "Self! do not lose your hold on life,
> Nor coward seek to shrink the strife
> Of body and spirit . . .
> All the hammers of will can never
> Your chained soul from matter sever."

To the spiritual consciousness, the aloof watching "self," always prone to forgetfulness of material fact, comes the ponderable reminder:

> "Here within this fleeting home
> Two hundred men have this day come;
> Here collected for one day,
> Each shall go his separate way.
> Self, you can imagine nought
> Of all the battles they have fought,
> All the labours they have done,
> All the journeys they have run.
> O, they have come from all the world,
> Borne by invisible currents, swirled
> Like leaves into this vortex here
> Flying."

Not the least noticeable thing in the ode is the unexpected exaltation of that "flower of man's energies, Trade," of a crusade in which:

[7] "Six Star Ranch." By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
* "Twelve Poems." By J. C. Squire. 4s. net. (The Morland Press.)

" Wrinkled sailors have shouted at shouting gales
In the huge Pacific, and battled around the Horn,
And gasping, coasted to Rio, and turning towards the morn,
Fought over the wastes to Spain, and battered and worn,
Sailed up the Channel, and on into the Nore,
To the city of masts, and the smoky familiar shore."

These quotations, over-lavish perhaps from a few pages, show at least something of the original quality of Mr. Squire's poetry, and something of that mingling of romantic and realistic which has a peculiar fascination for our own day.

Simpler, quieter, more painful, more frankly expressive, are the beautiful lines after an immortal fashion, " On a Friend Recently Dead." Not a " war " poem, this poem yet inevitably gathers power from the now all-too-common experience which quickens it into beauty. I suppose there are hundreds of poems being written on this theme, and hundreds more will be written within the next year or two. The mere expression of common sorrow would be hard to justify, but the beauty which hangs star-like above sorrow justifies its expression ; and that beauty is the principal and satisfying effect of these verses. The same experience affords the impulse of " The March," which I have left to the last because it is hard to say as much of a perfect poem as a single stanza will say for itself. " The March " is the only poem in this book written during the war, and it is scarcely to be expected that poetry so direct, so naked, so piercing, could be repeated.

" I heard a voice that cried, ' Make way for those who died ! '
And all the coloured crowd like ghosts at morning fled ;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode,
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

* * * *

But O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my way ;
And in the Face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say."

It is the virtue of true poetry of this kind to heal even while it wounds. Not even bitterness can annul beauty.

JOHN FREEMAN.

CHARLES FROHMAN.*

Sir James Barrie in a few pages of delicate appreciation puts the case that Charles Lamb spends an evening with Charles Frohman, and exclaims :

" What an essay might Elia have made of that night, none of it about the stories told, all about the man in the chair, the humorous, gentle, roughly educated, very fine American gentleman in the chair ! "

Few of us, perhaps, would have thought of this. No one could have thought of it who had known in Mr. Frohman merely the hustling and inexhaustible American impresario. But there seems after all to be no exaggeration in it. It must be remembered that on this side of the Atlantic Frohman to the general public was no more than a blazing name of the theatre. Seeing his " Charles Frohman presents " over all the Western region of the town, we came to regard him as a sort of inspired bagman of stage land, periodically travelling with a sackful of plays between New York and London.

With this story of his life before us we can now perceive that our notion was quite a wrong one. Something of the bagman Frohman doubtless was, for right and left he bought with most romantic recklessness whatever held a promise of success, and bad was not bad to him if he could boom it into fortune. But the man and the theatrical speculator were different creatures. The speculator was bold and brassy ; down and semi-bankrupt one season, up and " presenting " as gaily and clamantly as ever the next season. The man was a gentle, humorous, lovable soul, with a genius for making and keeping friends, and the shyest body in the whole two worlds he lived in. At the speculator and his booms and his dodges we sometimes laughed : the little plump, smiling, kindly person, whose shyness propelled him round corners and up side streets, was a being unknown to the most of us. Both men are portrayed in this volume, fondly and minutely, with rather too much of detail, and rather too little of proportion ; and while we are fain to praise again the mighty and quixotically generous trafficker in plays, we realise for the first time that in the waters off the Irish coast there lie a hero's bones.

It was a chequered, fantastical career, and the young Charles was not altogether unfortunate in a strain of vagrant or rover's blood. At no period of his life, it is noteworthy, did he possess what could be called a home. The father, a happy, easy man, had peddled things in wild places of the States, and his grandest days were when he sold strange home-made cigars behind a counter in New York. The mother was a woman of character. From his breeched beginnings Charles himself was for the theatre. Sir James Barrie says :

" I think when he first saw a theatre he clapped his hand to his heart, and certainly he was true to his first love. Up to the end it was still the same treat to him to go in ; he still thrilled when the band struck up, as if that boy had hold of his hand."

Boy and youth, we see him on the road in America ; bill-pasting, handling tickets, mothering a strolling company that travels chiefly on the sealskin coat of the leading lady, and presently piloting a troupe of Mammoth Ministrels (" Forty—Count 'Em—Forty,") and parading towns with them in a frock coat and lavender trousers, and the tall silk hat that was ever afterwards a terror to him. All these stories he used to tell with a relish about and against himself in the days when to be member of a " Frohman outfit " was the actor's achievement of affluence and fame.

Slowly enough his own fame and affluence were won. He was in London long before his golden era, making in his own artful way the celebrity of another minstrel band, and even at this date effacing himself with complete success behind the scenes. At all times there were players in his pay who had never met him face to face ; he was shyer than an antelope, and, in a phrase of the veldt, more difficult to flag.

When at his meridian he next descended on us, fairly swept into his pocket the pick of our playhouses, and started his little scheme of a Repertory Theatre, we were amused, not exactly grateful, and not always appreciative. We printed paragraphs about Yankee parvenus. Unknown to us was the fact that in America the Frohman of this day had passed from failure on failure to triumph on triumph, was the most formidable person in the theatre of his own country, and the one person in that theatre who, because of his extravagant generosity and his fidelity to bonds that were scarcely ever written, had attracted to himself every mummer of note or ambition in the United States. Unknown to us also was another fact ; that Frohman, seeking to annex our theatres, was seeking also —and perhaps chiefly, for he had never the least love of money—to plant himself firmly in the land that was dearest to him of all lands. For London, England, and the English countryside, he had a passion almost fanciful. It rose above his passion for the theatre itself. Reading plays in typescript at midnight, in whatever luxurious hotel he chanced at the moment to be domiciled in New York, he was usually thinking of his annual visit to us, of his suite of rooms above the Thames, of his trips on sunny afternoons to the Zoo, of his weekly excursion to the market-town in Surrey where he had the butcher and baker to friend. This was a Frohman of whom scarce a dozen people in England had ever an inkling.

The manifold adventures of Charles Frohman, his pluck in defeat, his buoyancy in all weathers, his occasional slight enmities and his enduring friendships are plainly and affectionately set out in this volume. His humour in all situations, merry or sad, is such as distils only from a good and valiant man, and never turns with the sky. It is the quiet irradiation of the moment of his death,

* " Charles Frohman : Manager and Man." By Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman. With an Appreciation by James M. Barrie. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

as he stands on the deck of the stricken *Lusitania*, his two hands linked in the hands of friends :

"Why fear death ? It is the most beautiful adventure in life ! "

TIGHE HOPKINS.

Novel Notes.

MARTIN VALLIANT. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is something fresh, joyous and healthy in Mr. Warwick Deeping's latest romance despite some gruesome happenings that occur therein, for the impression left is that of the triumph of youth over the forces of brutishness and evil ; the triumph also of sense over superstition. The author has chosen the days of Richard Crookback as a setting for the adventures of Martin Valliant and Mellis Dale, days when might was a right beyond which few had the chance of appeal, and when there was little delicacy of thought or speech, and he has told the tale most pleasantly in present-day English without any attempt at artificial archaism. Martin Valliant is a young, ascetic and enthusiastic monk, full of energy for the work at hand, and with a background of older monks who are given over to the stolen delights of the flesh, and hate the youth for his purity and fervour. But for this contrasting background, and the plots set afoot by the worst of the brethren to bring about Martin's downfall, his sudden conversion to the life of a fighting layman might seem unreal. But Mr. Deeping is a true artist in character, and the method by which this change is wrought is so thoroughly in consonance with the young man's enthusiastic nature that there is no room even for surprise. One day Martin hangs for hours, his arms through knotted ropes, upon a cross, to prove to himself, and a temptress sent by the monks, that he is strong against temptation, yet a little later he cleaves a man's head with his spade to save a girl from terror and dishonour. The girl is Mellis Dale, the daughter of a man murdered seven years earlier by Roger Bland, the Lord of Troy. Now she has come to warn old forest friends who secretly wear the red rose, that the decisive battle will soon be fought. But Roger Bland, of the White Rose, learns of her coming and hopes to destroy her. After Martin has killed his man, Mellis takes him to the ruin of her old home, wherein they barricade themselves. She clothes him in shining armour, which is an astute idea of the author's, as it makes the reader forget the monk in the soldier. Adventure follows adventure, and in between are idyllic moments mingled with apprehensions of approaching evil from enemies and superstitious friends. More than once Mellis is captured and destined for horrible indignities, but Martin in true heroic style is ever on the right spot at the right moment. It is an engrossing and enjoyable story.

THE DANCING HOURS. By Harold Ohlson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Nature has only seven colours—and she paints the world ; the countless stores of literature are gathered from twenty-six letters, and the whole range of music is compassed by eight notes. In fact repetition is the essence of existence, and one plot must stand sponsor for many books ; hence it is no slight to Mr. Ohlson's novel to say that its plot is a favourite by reason of its familiarity. Jane—with her halo of sun-lit hair, and creamy complexion, was not the daughter of the Deptford Pawnbroker. She discovered a wealthy grandfather, who, as Lady Alicia said " did the right thing and died," leaving Jane his possessions on condition she married Martin Tidmarsh. But as she was really in love with him, in spite of, or perhaps because of, her engagement to Neddy, everything turned out well and " journeys end in lovers' meetings." That is the theme—but the variations fill more than three hundred pages with closely packed incident. The descriptive passages are good, and Mr. Ohlson has a light and pleasant style excepting when he explains his characters, and such promising material as Neddy, Lady Alicia, and that greasy, scented animal Mr. Brown, are quite capable of making their own explanations.

SECRETLY ARMED. By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The hero of Miss Phyllis Bottome's latest novel is not at all the type of man we expect to find figuring as a hero in any book—" Winn Staines respected God, the Royal Family and his regiment, but even his respect for these three things was in many cases academic ; he respected nothing else." This sums up his character to a nicety ; there seemed to be none of the finer elements in Winn Staine's composition. Bred in a coarse, country family of position, he is uncouth, even brutal, yet, notwithstanding his unlovable qualities we follow his experiences to the end with wholehearted sympathy. It is Winn we pity, tied to a shallow, selfish wife ; it is Winn we pity, condemned, through a weak lung, to the frozen loneliness of the Alps ; Winn we pity still when out of that loneliness springs the first real happiness of his life in the shape of a pretty, merry girl of nineteen, who awakens within him a passionate love such as his wife, far away in England, had never won from him. How he first keeps the secret of his marriage from the girl, and how, later, she discovers it, Miss Bottome tells in a brief human tragedy that is wonderfully realistic. The author's knowledge of character and her delightful humour have already given her a high place in the estimation of the reading public, and " Secretly Armed," in spite of the note of sadness running through it, should add to her popularity.

MARCEL OF THE "ZEPHYRS." By May Wynne. 6s. (Jarrold.)

Somehow during the Great War which for two-and-a-half years has been devastating Europe and making millions of people in all lands mourn their sons and brothers stricken down in the prime of life, a time when the reading of the daily paper is a daily tragedy, seems scarcely the time when most readers are likely to wish to turn to the romance of an old-time war for entertainment. Those who do, however, will find in Miss Wynne's new story an incidentful tale of the war of 1870, the scene being Alsace, and the principals a young man of the " Zephyrs," the French Corps of Punishment, and Ursula St. Hilaire. Marcel, has, of course, been unjustly adjudged a criminal and sent to the corps, his younger brother, who might have cleared him from the charge, having been content to take his inheritance. Equally, of course, all comes well in the end, though not before there have been much fighting and many narrow escapes, not before the lovers have been severely tried, and not they alone, for Ursula's brother, Count St. Hilaire, thanks to the treachery of a comrade, is made prisoner, and his wife penetrates the German lines to beg for his release, and wins it at a cost which nearly breaks the heart of the Count. It is all very romantic and sensational, but will doubtless delight those readers who like their sensationalism in historical setting.

XINGU AND OTHER STORIES. By Edith Wharton. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a book that compels superlatives of praise. There are eight stories in the volume, and each one is a triumph of appropriate art. Mrs. Wharton has no one striking trick of style to be used upon all subjects. Wherever she sets her scene, whatever she takes as her thesis, has precisely the atmosphere and treatment the circumstances demand. Here, for instance, are two stories of the supernatural, a *genre* in which it is only too easy to write from a formula ; but nothing could be more distinct than the handling of these different visions. In sharpest contrast to the haunted crepuscular château of Kerfol, with its

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Photo by Siedle. **Miss Helen Prothero Lewis.**

sense of eternal yesterdays, comes a story of the war belonging tensely and terribly to the present moment. In this latter tale you are told nothing very definite of German abominations in Champagne, yet you can see the ghastly trail of the Oberst von Scharlach as if you had read every detail in a Blue-book; and while you might easily forget the unmitigated horror of the Blue-book, you will never forget the reticent tragedy of Mrs. Wharton. Less obvious in merit, but quite as fine in all essentials of art, are the studies of American life in various aspects. No richer book of stories has appeared for many a day.

LOVE AND THE WHIRLWIND. By Helen Prothero Lewis. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Few stories we have met with are so aptly titled as this exciting story of wild Wales. In the first place, it deals with the adventures of Dorinda Saurin in the mountain home of the Vychan family consisting of a semi-demented mother and two lawless sons, who fall in love with Dorinda. From this dual love proceeds a whirlwind of events—incident follows incident with breathless rapidity, yet the human interest is maintained throughout. The reader does not ask, "Can such things be?" he accepts them, and is thankful to the author for providing a healthy and enthralling antidote to the war. All the characters—and the stage is generously filled—play their parts as real human beings and not puppets, but it is Dorinda who leaves the most vivid impression on the mind. A few words of appreciation must also be spared for the fine portrait of a Welsh preacher, who, although one of the subsidiary characters, is a noteworthy person, for he strikes the religious note, without which no novel of Wales is complete. The narrative style is simple and straightforward.

The Bookman's Table.

TALES OF WONDER. By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lord Dunsany is well known to have that particular Celtic charm which belongs to none but the Irish. This volume is in manner and matter very like his other books, but it is still fresh and new, it has all the old glow and shows that he has in no way lost his peculiar skill. In reading these tales we are once more in the midst of peace, and we feel that the time will come when actual peace will return; for, although we know that in these pages we are not living with actual human beings, and are hearing about cities too good to be true, we never feel ourselves quite outside such humanity. The volume may be described briefly as a set of fairy-tales for adults, although the plan of the stories is every bit as far from fairy-land proper as from the work-a-day world of the ordinary mortal. It belongs in fact, entirely to the realms of imagination. The book will make no appeal to the normal child, there is not enough merriment or excitement for the boy, there are not the touches of fairy or sentiment that the girl requires, for however imaginative the child may be, he always gives a concrete form to each concept, and is a true and very exacting realist. In these days there have appeared a very large number of books about children, and many about childish things, which appeal to the child that is always alive in every healthy human being, and in no derogatory sense we say that this is essentially a childish book. On the whole we prefer Lord Dunsany the more remote he is from actuality; in "The Tale of London" and "The City on Mallington Moor," he has done what no one else can do so well. "Thirteen At Table," and the largest and perhaps most ambitious story in the volume, "A Story of Land and Sea," are quite thrilling and would be excellent for reading aloud; but they each suggest the manner of other well-known authors who can do that sort of thing possibly better. In some ways Lord Dunsany is at his best when he is quite short, though some people may feel that these short pieces are a little lacking in body. The two stories "The Three Infernal Jokes," and "Why the Milkman Shudders when He Perceives the Dawn" have a whimsicalness all their own, and should raise a smile even in the most morose.

THE THRUSH AND THE JAY. By Sylvia Lynd. 5s. net. (Constable.)

What is language for? The old problem recurs to one in reading the prose sketches, so admirably phrased, so entertainingly seen, in Mrs. Lynd's book. At moments any one may adhere either to the view that language is meant to hide our thought, or to express our thought; but certainly a third solution is true. For many, language, and many other forms of superficial expression, is the betrayer. Mrs. Lynd gets on to confidential terms with her characters, and then they talk . . . and talk . . . or merely think aloud, expressing, as they believe, their nobility, their aspirations, their desperate adventures, and, in a moment, they are betrayed. Quite suddenly the real person, all jealousy, or pompousness, or futility, or selfishness, is betrayed into expression; and Mrs. Lynd has him or her carefully and winningly caught. In "Adversaries," in "Vengeance," in "The Sixth Act," we have not so much revelation of character as detection. It is extraordinarily well-done, and has a salt, bracing air in contrast to the flaccid expressionism which has become so malign a note of modern literature. Mrs. Lynd is content to give us human beings as they appear to their fellows; and in doing this successfully, their real character comes out too. After betraying the husband in "Adversaries," and the successful, admired person in "Vengeance," she does not leave it at that. Her gift is not mere satire. In the very act of detection, revelation supervenes, and you catch a hasty sight of the real man or woman. The prose of these stories could scarcely be bettered. It is an urbane, decisive, unslovenly prose fitted most exquisitely to the deft delineation, the adroit handling of circumstance and character which mark the stories. Not less original and individual are the poems in the book. Here Mrs. Lynd forsakes, happily, her ironic method of approach, for irony is best done in prose. The poems are notable for their craftsmanship, first of all. While so many of our younger poets are eclipsing their genuine talent by donning Walt Whitman's hat, we welcome one who has a

good assurance of the dignity and nobility of form. Mrs. Lynd has plenty to say in her verse, and she knows that there is reason for finding beautiful and appropriate modes of expression. In the two poems "The Barber's First Brother" and "The Fair Persian" Mrs. Lynd has brought a new thing into English literature. While simple in language, there is in both these poems a curious subtlety of romance which reproduces the vivid effect of Oriental art. "The Fair Persian" is rather difficult; but it and its companion both have the quality of simple laughter, of knock-about ecstasy which is really an essential part of your true Arabian night. Then for sheer beauty of phrasing there is the exquisite "Evening Music," with its attractive Irish rhyme at the end, or "The Mower" with its insistent rhythm fitting its subject, or "To My Children," with its happy inward music. It would be easy to go on; not a poem has not some proper beauty of its own; and with the publication of this volume Mrs. Lynd takes her place as one of the surest and truest singers whom we have.

HOPE'S STAR IN WAR'S SKY. By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

This is a dream-allegory that is worthy of a place beside the best of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's work in that kind—"God and the Ant," and "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil." He tells in a prologue how on Christmas Eve he set forth in a vision to find Bethlehem and offer homage to the new-born Christ, but presently an angel barred his way, and told him he was seeking Christ where He was not: "Where want is, where sorrow is, where suffering is, there shalt thou find Him"; and so saying, the angel pointed to a star in the sky behind him. "And looking back I saw, not as I had expected, the dawn-tipped domes, towers, and minarets of an Eastern city, but the haggard, fog-hung, darkened streets of the poorest part of London." Then he touches thoughtfully and vividly on all that the birth of Christ has meant to the world; reveals the inner significance of the war and the heroic rising of our young manhood to shatter the menace of the aggressor; pictures very poignantly the homes that have been darkened by death and the desolation that would be upon them but for the hope that is in Christ. He is convinced that "the war will mean not a lessening of faith in God and in Christ, but a return on a vast scale to belief and to the realities of religion." One of the most impressive things in the book is the "dream-picture of stricken France" in the epilogue; one of the most charming is the chapter in which Mr. Kernahan revives certain memories of his childhood. It is written with quiet imaginative force and with an understanding and a sympathy that justify its publishers in describing the book as "a message of cheer and consolation to the sorrowful."

A HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1916. By W. B. Wells and N. Marlowe. 7s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

This is a frankly uninspired book, but an ideal one for those people who like their information served up with newspaper-like directness. The extreme difficulty of writing historically of an event so recent as the Easter Week Rising is at once apparent, yet this is what our authors have attempted, and with very real success. Only now and again we are left wondering whether the writers are as unbiassed as they would appear. There are one or two little omissions which are puzzling, and again details which can only be suppositions are occasionally presented as facts. However, these are few and far between, and do not seriously detract from the historical value of the work. And that it has a real historical value there is no doubt. It deals very fully with the events that led up to the Insurrection, and with the attempted after-settlement, but it has very little to say of the actual fighting. The Appendices, which include the Report of the Royal Commission, the full Military despatches, and Sir Roger Casement's speech from the dock, add greatly to the value of the book. No attempt is made to solve

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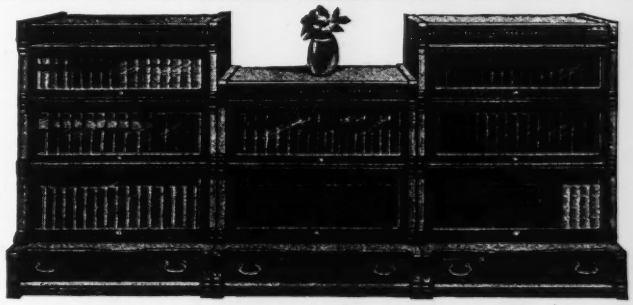

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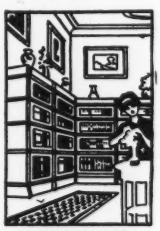
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